1779. J. Bird Junr.

AURENGE-ZEBE: (3.)

OR, THE

GREAT-MOGUL.

A

TRAGEDY.

BY

JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

GLASGOW,

PRINTED AND SOLD BY R. AND A. FOULIS

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DEDICATION.

To the Right Honourable

JOHN

EARL of MULGRAVE,

Gentleman of his Majesty's Bed-Chamber, and Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

MY LORD,

'TIS a severe reflection which Montaign has made on princes, that we ought not, in reason, to have any expectations of favour from them, and that 'tis kindness enough, if they leave us in possession of our own. The boldness of the censure shews the free spirit of the author; and the subjects of England may justly congratulate to themselves, that both the nature of our government, and the clemency of our king, secure us from any such complaint. I, in particular, who subsist wholly by his bounty, am oblig'd to give posterity a far other account of my royal master, than what Montaign has left of his. Those accusations had been more reasonable, if they had been plac'd on inferior persons. For in all courts, there are too many who make it their business to ruin wit. And Montaign, in other places, tells us, what effects he found of their good natures. He describes them such, whose ambition, lust, or private interest, seem to be the only end of their creation. If good accrue to any from them, 'tis only in order to own their designs; confer'd most commonly on the base and infamous; and never given, but only happening sometimes on well-deservers. Dulness has brought them to what they are; and malice secures them in their fortunes. But somewhat of spurious they must have to

recommend themselves to princes, (for folly will not easily go down in its own natural form with discerning judges,) and diligence in waiting in their gilding of the pill; for that looks like love, tho' 'tis only interest. 'Tis that which gains them their advantage over witty men; whose love of liberty and ease, makes them willing too often to discharge their burden of attendance on these officious gentlemen. 'Tis true, that the nauseousness of such company is enough to disgust a reasonable man; when he sees he can hardly approach greatness, but as a moated castle, he must first pass through the mud and filth with which it is encompass'd. These are they, who, wanting wit, affect gravity, and go by the name of solid men: and a solid man is, in plain English, a solid, solemn fool. Another disguise they have, (for fools, as well as knaves, take other names, and pass by an Alias) and that is the title of honest fellows. But this honesty of theirs ought to have many grains for its allowance; for certainly they are no farther honest than they are silly: they are naturally mischievous to their power; and if they speak not maliciously, or sharply of witty men, 'tis only because God has not bestow'd on them the gift of utterance. They fawn and crouch to men of parts, whom they cannot ruin: quote their wit when they are present, and when they are absent steal their jest: but to those who are under them, and whom they can crush with ease, they shew themselves in their natural antipathy; there they treat wit like the common enemy, and give it no more quarter than a Dutchman would to an English vessel in the Indies; they strike sail where they know they shall be mastered, and murder where they can with safety.

This, my Lord, is the character of a courtier without wit; and therefore that which is a satyr to other men, must be a panegyrick to your Lordship, who are a master of it. If the least of these reflections could have reach'd your person, no necessity of mine could have made me to have

ſought ſo earneſtly, and ſo long to have cultivated your kindneſs. As a poet, I cannot but have made ſome obſervations on mankind: the lowneſs of my fortune has not yet brought me to flatter vice; and 'tis my duty to give teſtimony to virtue. 'Tis true, your Lordſhip is not of that nature, which either ſeeks a commendation, or want it. Your mind has always been above the wretched affectation of popularity. A popular man is, in truth, no better than a proſtitute to common fame, and to the people: he lies down to every one he meets, for the hire of praiſe; and his humility is only a diſguis'd ambition. Even Cicero himſelf, whoſe eloquence deſerv'd the admiration of mankind; yet by his inſatiable thirſt of fame, he has laſſen'd his character with ſucceeding ages: his action againſt Catiline may be ſaid to have ruin'd the conſul, when it ſav'd the city; for it ſo ſwell'd his ſoul, which was not truly great, that ever afterwards it was apt to be over-ſet with vanity. And this made his virtue ſo ſuſpected by his friends, that Brutus, whom of all men he ador'd, refus'd him a place in his conſpiracy. A modern wit has made this obſervation on him, that coveting to recommend himſelf to poſterity, he begg'd it as an alms of all his friends, the hiſtorians, to remember his conſulſhip: and obſerve, if you pleaſe, the oddneſs of the event; their hiſtories are loſt, and the vanity of his requeſt ſtands yet recorded in his own writings. How much more great and manly in your Lordſhip, is your contempt of popular applauſe, and your retir'd virtue, which ſhines only to a few; with whom you live ſo eaſily and freely, that you make it evident, you have a ſoul which is capable of all the tenderneſs of friendſhip; and that you only retire your ſelf from thoſe, who are not capable of returning it. Your kindneſs, where you have once plac'd it, is inviolable: and 'tis to that only I attribute my happineſs in your love. This makes me more eaſily forſake an argument, on which I could otherwiſe delight to dwell: I mean, your judgment in your

choice of friends; because I have the honour to be one. After which, I am sure you will more easily permit me to be silent, in the case you have taken of my fortune; which you have rescu'd, not only from the power of others, but from my worst of enemies, my own modesty and laziness. Which favour, had it been employ'd on a more deserving subject, had been an effect of justice in your nature; but, as plac'd on me, is only charity. Yet, withal, 'tis confer'd on such a man, as prefers your kindness it self before any of its consequences; and who values, as the greatest of your favours, those of your love, and of your conversation. From this constancy to your friends, I might reasonably assume, that your resentments would be as strong and lasting, if they were not restrain'd by a nobler principle of good nature and generosity. For certainly 'tis the same composition of mind, the same resolution and courage, which makes the greatest friendships and the greatest enmities. And he who is too lightly reconcil'd, after high provocations, may recommend himself to the world for a Christian, but I should hardly trust him for a friend. The Italians have a proverb to that purpose, *To forgive the first time shews me a good Catholick, the second time a fool.* To this firmness in all your actions (though you are wanting in no other ornaments of mind and body, yet to this) I principally ascribe the interest your merits have acquir'd you in the royal family. A prince, who is constant to himself, and steady in all his undertakings, one with whom that character of Horace will agree.

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

Such an one cannot but place an esteem, and repose a confidence on him, whom no adversity, no change of courts, no bribery of interest, or cabals of factions, or advantages of fortune, can remove from the solid foundations of honour and fidelity.

Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit, nulli flebilior quam tibi, Virgili.

How well your Lordship will deserve that praise, I need no inspiration to foretel. You have already left no room for prophesy; your early undertakings have been such, in the service of your king and country, when you offer'd your self to the most dangerous employment, that of the sea; when you chose to abandon those delights, to which your youth and fortune did invite you, to undergo the hazards, and, which was worse, the company of common seamen, that you have made it evident, you will refuse no opportunity of rendring your self useful to the nation, when either your courage or conduct shall be requir'd. The same zeal and faithfulness continues in your blood, which animated one of your noble ancestors to sacrifice his life in the quarrel of his sovereign; though, I hope, both for your sake and for the publick tranquility, the same occasion will never be offer'd to your Lordship, and that a better destiny will attend you. But I make haste to consider you as abstracted from a court, which (if you will give me leave to use a term of Logick) is only an adjunct, not a propriety of happiness. The Academicks, I confess, were willing to admit the goods of fortune into their notion of felicity; but I do not remember, that any of the sects of old philosophers did ever leave a room for greatness. Neither am I form'd to praise a court, who admire and covet nothing but the easiness and quiet of retirement. I naturally withdraw my sight from a prospect; and admit the prospect be never so large and goodly, can take no pleasure, even in looking on the downfal, though I am secure from the danger. Methinks there's something of a malignant joy in that excellent description of Lucretius.

Suave mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem;
Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.

I am sure his master Epicurus, and my better master Cowley, preferr'd the solitude of a garden, and the conversation of a friend to any consideration, so much as a regard, of those unhappy people, whom in our own wrong, we call the great. True greatness, if it be any where on earth, is in a private virtue; remov'd from the notion of pomp and vanity confin'd to a contemplation of it self, and centring on it self:

Omnis enim per se divum natura, necesse est
Immortali aevo summâ cum pace fruatur;
——Curâ semota, metuque
Ipsa suis pollens opibus——

If this be not life of a deity, because it cannot consist with providence; 'tis at least a god-like life: I can be contented, (and I am sure I have your Lordship of my opinion) with an humbler station in the temple of virtue, than to be set on the pinacle of it.

Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palantis quaerere vitae.

The truth is, the consideration of so vain a creature as man, is not worth our pains. I have fool enough at home without looking for it abroad; and am a sufficient theatre to my self of ridiculous actions, without expecting company either in a court, a town, or play-house. 'Tis on this account that I am weary with drawing the deformities of life, and lazars of the people, where every figure of imperfection more resembles me than it can do others. If I must be condemn'd to rhime, I should find some ease in my change of punishment. I desire to be no longer the Sysiphus of the stage; to rowl up a stone with endless labour (which to follow the proverb, *gathers no moss*) and which is perpetually falling down again. I never thought my self very fit for an employment, where many of my predecessors have excell'd me in all kinds; and some of my contemporaries, even in my own partial judgment, have out-done me in Comedy. Some little

hopes I have yet remaining, and those too, considering my abilities, may be vain, that I may make the world some part of amends, for many ill plays, by an heroick poem. Your Lordship has been long acquainted with my design; the subject of which you know is great, the story English, and neither too far distant from the present age, nor too near approaching it. Such it is my opinion, that I could not have wish'd a nobler occasion to do honour by it to my king and country, and my friends; most of our ancient nobility being concern'd in the action. And your Lordship has one particular reason to promote this undertaking, because you were the first who gave me the opportunity of discoursing it to his Majesty, and his Royal Highness: they were then pleas'd both to commend the design, and to encourage it by their commands. But the unsettledness of my condition has hitherto put a stop to my thoughts concerning it. As I am no successor to Homer in his wit, so neither do I desire to be in his poverty. I can make no rhapsodies, nor go a begging at the Grecian doors, while I sing the praises of their ancestors. The times of Virgil please me better, because he had an Augustus for his patron. And to draw the allegory nearer you, I am sure I shall not want a Mecaenas with him. 'Tis for your Lordship to stir up that remembrance in his Majesty, which his many avocations of business have caus'd him, I fear, to lay aside. And, (as himself and his royal brother are the heroes of the poem) to represent to them the images of their warlike predecessors, as Achilles is said to be rous'd to glory, with the sight of the combat before the ships. For my own part, I am satisfy'd to have offer'd the design; and it may be to the advantage of my reputation to have it refus'd me.

In the mean time, my Lord, I take the confidence to present you with a Tragedy; the characters of which are the neareſt to those of an heroick poem. 'Twas dedicated to you in my heart, before it was presented on the stage.

Some things in it have paſs'd your approbation, and many your amendment. You were likewiſe pleas'd to recommend it to the King's peruſal, before the laſt hand was added to it, when I receiv'd the favour from him, to have the moſt conſiderable event of it model'd by his royal pleaſure. It may be ſome vanity in me to add this teſtimony then, and which he graciouſly confirm'd afterwards, that it was the beſt of all my tragedies; in which he has made authentick my private opinion of it; at leaſt, he has given it a value by his commendation, which it had not by my writing.

That which was not pleaſing to ſome of the fair ladies in the laſt act of it, as I dare not vindicate, ſo neither can I wholly condemn, till I find more reaſon for their cenſures. The procedure of Indamora and Meleſinda, ſeems yet, in my judgment, natural, and not unbecoming of their characters. If they who arraign them fail not more, the world will never blame their conduct: and I ſhall be glad for the honour of my country, to find better images of virtue drawn to the life in their behaviour, than any I could feign to adorn the theatre. I confeſs, I have only repreſented a practicable virtue, mix'd with the frailties and imperfections of human life. I have made my heroine fearful of death, which neither Caſſandra nor Cleopatra would have been; and they themſelves, I doubt it not, would have out-done romance in that particular. Yet their Mandana (and the Cyrus was written by a lady) was not altogether ſo hard-hearted; for ſhe ſat down on the cold ground by the King of Aſſyria, and not only pitied him, who dy'd in her defence, but allow'd him ſome favours, ſuch, perhaps, as they would think, ſhould only be permitted to her Cyrus. I have made my Meleſinda in oppoſition to Nourmahal, a woman paſſionately loving of her huſband, patient of injuries and contempt, and conſtant in her kindneſs to the laſt, and in that, perhaps, I may have err'd, becauſe it is not a virtue much in uſe. Thoſe

Indian wives are loving fools, and may do well to keep themselves in their own country; or, at least, to keep company with the Arria's and Portia's of old Rome: some of our ladies know better things. But, it may be, I am partial to my own writings: yet I have labour'd as much as any man to divest my self of the self-opinion of an author, and am too well satisfied of my own weakness, to be pleas'd with any thing I have written: but on the other side, my reason tells me, that, in probability, what I have seriously and long consider'd, may be as likely to be just and natural, as what an ordinary judge (if there be any such amongst those ladies) will think fit, in a transient presentation, to be plac'd in the room of that which they condemn. The most judicious writer is sometimes mistaken, after all his care; but the hasty critick who judges on a view, is full as liable to be deceiv'd. Let him first consider all the arguments which the author had to write this, or to design the other, before he arraigns him of a fault; and then perhaps, on second thoughts, he will find his reason oblige him to revoke his censure. Yet, after all, I will not be too positive. *Homo sum, humani a me nihil alienum puto.* As I am a man, I must be changeable; and sometimes the gravest of us all are so, even upon ridiculous accidents. Our minds are perpetually wrought on by temperaments of our bodies; which makes me suspect, they are nearer ally'd, than either our philosophers or school-divines will allow them to be. I have observ'd, says Montaign, that when the body is out of order, its companion is seldom at his ease. An ill dream, or a cloudy day, has power to change this wretched creature, who is so proud of a reasonable soul, and make him think what he thought not yesterday. And Homer was of this opinion, as Cicero is pleas'd to translate him for us:

Tales sunt hominum mentes quali pater ipse
Jupiter, auctifero lustravit lumine terras.

Or as the same author in his Tusculan Questions, speaks

with more modesty than usual of himself: *Nos in diem vivimus; quodcunque animos nostros probabilitate percussit, id dicimus.* 'Tis not therefore impossible, but that I may alter the conclusion of my play, to restore my self into the good graces of my fair criticks. And your Lordship, who is so well with them, may do me the office of a friend and patron, to intercede with them on my promise of amendment. The impotent lover in Petronius, though his was a very unpardonable crime, yet was receiv'd to mercy on the terms I offer. *Summa excusationis meae haec est: placebo tibi, si culpam emendare permiseris.*

But I am conscious to my self of offering at a greater boldness in presenting to your view what my meanness can produce, than in any other error of my play. And therefore make haste to break off this tedious address which has, I know not how, already run it self into so much of pedantry, with an excuse of Tully's, which he sent with his books *De Finibus*, to his friend Brutus, *De ipsis rebus autem, saepenumero Brute vereor ne reprehendar, cum haec ad te scribam, qui tum in poesi, (I change it from philosophia) tum in optimo genere poescos tantum processeris. Quod si facerem quasi te erudiens, jure reprehenderer. Sed ab eo plurimum absum: nec, ut ea cognoscas quae tibi notissima sunt ad te mitto: sed quia facillime in nomine tuo acquiesco, et quia te habeo aequissimum eorum studiorum quae mihi communia tecum sunt aestimatorem et judicem.* Which you may please, my Lord, to apply to your self, from him, who is,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient

Humble Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PROLOGUE.

OUR author by experience finds it true,
'Tis much more hard to please himself, than you:
And out of no feign'd modesty, this day,
Damns his laborious trifle of a play:
Not that 'tis worse than what before he writ,
But he has now another taste of wit;
And to confess a truth, (though out of time)
Grows weary of his long-lov'd mistress, rhyme.
Passion's too fierce to be in fetters bound,
And nature flies him like enchanted ground.
What verse can do, he has perform'd in this,
Which he presumes the most correct of his.
But spite of all his pride, a secret shame
Invades his breast at Shakespear's sacred name:
Aw'd when he hears his god-like Romans rage,
He, in a just despair, would quit the stage.
And to an age less polish'd, more unskill'd,
Does, with disdain, the foremost honours yield,
As with the greater dead he dares not strive,
He would not match his verse with those who live:
Let him retire, betwixt two ages cast,
The first of this, and bindmost of the last.
H losing gamester, let him sneak away;
e A bears no ready money from the play.
The fate which governs poets thought it fit,
He should not raise his fortunes by his wit.
The clergy thrive, and the litigious bar;
Dull heroes fatten with the spoils of war;
All southern vices, heav'n be prais'd, are here;
But wit's a luxury you think too dear.
When you to cultivate the plant are loth,
'Tis a shrewd sign 'twas never of your growth:

And wit in northern climates will not blow,
Except, like Orange-trees, 'tis housʼd from snow.
There needs no care to put a play-house down,
'Tis the most desart place of all the town.
We and our neighbours, to speak proudly, are
Like monarchs, ruinʼd with expensive war.
While, like wise English, unconcernʼd, you sit,
And see us play the tragedy of wit.

Dramatis Personae.

THE OLD EMPEROR.	By Mr. *Mohun.*
AURENGE-ZEBE his Son.	Mr. *Hart.*
MORAT, his younger Son.	Mr. *Kynaston.*
Arimant, Governor of Agra.	Mr. *Wintershal.*
Dianet, *Solyman*, *Mir Baba*, *Abas*, *Asaph Chan*, *Fazel Chan*.	*Indian* Lords, or *Omrahs* of several factions.
NOURMAHAL, the Empress.	Mrs. *Marshal.*
INDAMORA, a Captive Queen.	Mrs. *Cox.*
MELESINDA, Wife to *Morat*.	Mrs. *Corbet.*
Zayda, favourite Slave to the Empress.	Mrs. *Uphil.*

SCENE AGRA, in the Year 1660.

AURENGE-ZEBE:

OR, THE

GREAT-MOGUL.

ACT I.

Arimant, Asaph Chal, Fazel Chan.

Arimant.

HEAV'N seems the empire of the east to lay
On the success of this important day:
Their arms are to the last decision bent,
And fortune labours with the vast event:
She now has in her hand the greatest stakes,
Which for contending monarchs she can make.
Whate'er can urge ambitious youth to fight,
She pompously displays before their sight:
Laws, empire, all permitted to the sword,
And fate could never an ampler scene afford.

Asaph. Four several armies to the field are led,
Which, high in equal hopes, four princes head:
Indus and Ganges, our wide empire's bounds,
Swell their dy'd currents with their natives wounds:
Each purple river winding, as he runs,
His bloody arms about his slaughter'd sons.

Fazel. I well remember you foretold the storm,
When first the brothers did their factions form:
When each, by cura'd cabals of women, strove
To draw th' indulgent King to partial love.

Arim. What Heav'n decrees, no prudence can prevent.
To cure their mad ambition, they were ſent
To rule a diſtant province each alone.
What could a careful father more have done?
He made proviſion againſt all, but fate;
While, by his health, we held our peace of ſtate.
The weight of ſeventy winters preſt him down,
He bent beneath the burthen of a crown:
Sickneſs, at laſt, did his ſpent body ſeize,
And life almoſt ſunk under the diſeaſe:
Mortal 'twas thought, at leaſt by them deſir'd,
Who, impiouſly, into his years enquir'd:
As at a ſignal, ſtraight the ſons prepare
For open force, and ruſh to ſudden war:
Meeting, like winds, broke looſe upon the main,
To prove, by arms, whoſe fate it was to reign.

Aſaph. Rebels and parricides!

Arim. Brand not their actions with ſo foul a name:
Pity, at leaſt, what we are forc'd to blame.
When death's cold hand has clos'd the father's eye,
You know the younger ſons are doom'd to die.
Leſs ills are choſen greater to avoid,
And nature's laws are by the ſtates deſtroy'd.
What courage tamely could to death conſent,
And not, by ſtriking firſt, the blow prevent?
Who falls in fight, cannot himſelf accuſe,
And he dies greatly, who a crown purſues.

To them, Solyman Agah.

Solym. A new expreſs all Agra does affright:
Darah and Aurenge-Zebe are join'd in fight:
The preſs of people thickens to the court,
Th' impatient crowd devouring the report. [bring.

Arim. T' each changing news they chang'd affections
And ſervilely from fate expect a king.

Solym. The miniſters of ſtate, who gave us law,
In corners, with ſelected friends, withdraw:

There, in deaf murmurs, ſolemnly are wiſe;
Whiſp'ring, like winds, e're hurricanes ariſe.
The moſt corrupt are moſt obſequious grown,
And thoſe they ſcorn'd, officiously they own.

Aſaph. In change of government,
The rabble rule their great oppreſſors' fate:
Do ſovereign juſtice, and revenge the ſtate.

Solym. The little courtiers who ne'er come to know
The depth of factions, as in mazes go,
Where int'reſts meet and croſs ſo oft, that they
With too much care are wilder'd in their way.

Arim. What of the emperor?

Solym. Unmov'd, and brave, he like himſelf appears,
And, meriting no ill, no danger fears:
Yet mourns his former vigour loſt ſo far,
To make him now ſpectator of a war:
Repining that he muſt preſerve his crown
By any help, or courage, but his own:
Wiſhes each minute he could unbeget
Thoſe rebel-ſons, who dare t'uſurp his ſeat:
To ſway his empire with unequal ſkill,
And mount a throne, which none but he can fill.

Arim. Oh! had he ſtill that character maintain'd,
Of valour, which in blooming youth he gain'd.
He promis'd in his eaſt a glorious rate;
Now ſunk from his meridian, ſets apace.
But as the ſun, when he from noon declines,
And with abated heat, leſs fiercely ſhines,
Seems to grow milder as he goes away,
Pleaſing himſelf with the remains of day:
So he who, in his youth, for glory ſtrove,
Would recompence his age with eaſe and love.

Aſaph. The name of father hateful to him grows,
Which, for one ſon, produces him three foes.

Fazel. Darah, the eldeſt bears a generous mind;
But to implacable revenge inclin'd.

Too openly does his love hatred ſhow:
A bounteous maſter, but a deadly foe.

Solym. From Sujah's valour I ſhould much expect,
But he's a bigot of the Perſian ſect:
And, by a foreign int'reſt ſeeks to reign,
Hopeleſs by love the ſceptre to obtain.

Aſaph. Morat's too inſolent, too much a brave,
His courage to his envy is a ſlave.
What he attempts, if his endeavours fail
T' effect, he is reſolv'd no other ſhall.

Arim. But Aurenge-Zebe by no ſtrong paſſion ſway'd,
Except his love, more temp'rate is, and weigh'd:
This Atlas muſt our ſinking ſtate uphold;
In council cool, but in performance bold:
He ſums their virtues in himſelf alone,
And adds the greateſt of a loyal ſon:
His father's cauſe upon his ſword he wears,
And with his arms, we hope, his fortune bears.

Solym. Two vaſt rewards may well his courage move,
A parent's bleſſing, and a miſtreſs' love.
If he ſucceed, his recompence, we hear,
Muſt be the captive Queen of Caſſimere.

To them, Abas.

Abas. Miſchiefs on miſchiefs, greater ſtill, and more:
The neighb'ring plain with arms is cover'd o'er:
The vale an iron harveſt ſeems to yield
Of thick ſprung lances in a waving field.
The poliſh'd ſteel gleams terribly from far,
And every moment nearer ſhews the war.
The horſes neighing by the wind is blown,
And caſtl'd elephants o'erlook the town.

Arim. If, as I fear, Morat theſe pow'rs commands,
Our empire on the brink of ruin ſtands:
Th' ambitious Empreſs with her ſon is join'd,
And, in his brother's abſence, has deſign'd

The unprovided town to take with eaſe,
And then, the perſon of the King to ſeize.
Solym. To all his former iſſue ſhe has ſhown
Long hate, and labour'd to advance her own.
Abas. Theſe troops are his.
Surat he took; and thence, preventing fame,
By quick and painful marches hither came.
Since his approach, he to his mother ſent,
And two long hours in cloſe debate were ſpent.
Arim. I'll to my charge, the citadel repair,
And ſhew my duty by my timely care.
To them the Emperor *with a letter in his hand: after him an* Ambaſſador, *with a train following.*
Aſaph. But ſee, the Emperor! a fiery red
His brows and glowing temples does o'erſpread:
Morat has ſome diſpleaſing meſſage ſent.
Amb. Do not, Great Sir, miſconſtrue his intent:
Not call rebellion what was prudent care,
To guard himſelf by neceſſary war:
While he believ'd you living, he obey'd;
His governments but as your vice-roy ſway'd:
But, when he thought you gone,
T'augment the number of the bleſs'd above,
He deem'd 'em legacies of royal love:
Nor arm'd his brother's portions to invade,
But to defend the preſent you had made.
Emp. By frequent meſſages, and ſtrict commands,
He knew my pleaſure to diſcharge his bands:
Proof of my life my royal ſignet made;
Yet ſtill he arm'd, came on, and diſobey'd.
Amb. He thought the Mandat forg'd, your death con-[ceal'd:
And but delay'd, till truth ſhould be reveal'd.
Emp. News of my death from rumour he receiv'd;
And what he wiſh'd, he eaſily believ'd:
But long demurr'd, though from my hand he knew
I liv'd, ſo loth he was to think it true.

Since he pleads ignorance to that command,
Now let him shew his duty, and disband.

Amb. His honour, Sir, will suffer in the cause,
He yields his arms unjust if he withdraws:
And begs his loyalty may be declar'd,
By owning those he leads to be your guard.

Emp. I, in my self, have all the guard I need;
Bid the presumptuous boy draw off with speed:
If his audacious troops one hour remain,
My cannon from the fort shall scour the plain.

Amb. Since you deny him entrance, he demands
His wife, whom cruelly you hold in bands:
Her, if unjustly, you from him detain,
He justly will by force of arms regain.

Emp. O'er him and his, a right from him I have:
Subject and son, he's doubly born my slave.
But whatsoe'er his own demerits are,
Tell him, I shall not make on women, war.
And yet I'll do her innocence the grace,
To keep her here, as in the safer place.
But, thou, who dar'st this bold defiance bring,
May'st feel the rage of an offended king.
Hence from my sight without the least reply:
One word, nay, one look more and thou shalt die.

[*Exit* Ambassador.

Re-enter Arimant.

Arim. May Heav'n, great Monarch, still augment your bliss
With length of days, and every day like this.
For, from the banks of Gemna news is brought,
Your army has a bloody battle fought:
Darah from loyal Aurenge-Zebe is fled;
And forty thousand of his men lie dead.
To Sujah next your conqu'ring army drew;
Him they surpriz'd, and easily o'erthrew.

Emp. 'Tis well.

Arim. But well! what more could at your wish be done,
Than two such conquests gain'd by such a son?
Your pardon, mighty Sir;
You seem not high enough your joys to rate;
You stand indebted a vast sum to fate:
And should large thanks for the great blessing pay.

Emp. My fortune owes me greater every day.
And, should my joy more high for this appear,
It would have argu'd me before of fear.
How is Heav'n kind, where I have nothing won,
And fortune only pays me with my own?

Arim. Great Aurenge-Zebe did duteous care express:
And durst not push too far his good success.
But lest Morat the city should attack,
Commanded his victorious army back;
Which, left to march as swiftly as they may,
Himself comes first, and will be here this day;
Before a close form'd siege shut up his way.

Emp. Prevent his purpose, hence, hence, with all thy speed.
Stop him; his entrance to the town forbid.

Arim. How, Sir, your loyal, your victorious son?

Emp. Him, would I more than all the rebels shun.

Arim. Whom with your pow'r and fortune, Sir, you trust.
Now to suspect is vain, as 'tis unjust.
He comes not with a train to move your fear,
But trusts himself to be a pris'ner here.
You knew him brave, you know him faithful now:
He aims at fame, but fame from serving you.
'Tis said, ambition in his breast does rage,
Who would not be the Hero of an age?
All grant him prudent: prudence interest weighs,
And interest bids him seek your love and praise.
I know you grateful; when he march'd from hence,
You bad him hope an ample recompence:

He conquer'd in that hope, and from your hands,
His love, the precious pledge he left, demands.

Emp. No more; you ſearch too deep my wounded mind:
And ſhew me what I fear, and would not find.
My ſon has all the debts of duty paid:
Our prophet ſends him to my preſent aid.
Such virtue to diſtruſt were baſe and low:
I'm not ungrateful——or I was not ſo!
Inquire no further, ſtop his coming on:
I will not, cannot, dare not ſee my ſon.

Arim. 'Tis now too late his entrance to prevent:
Nor muſt I to your ruin give conſent.
At once your people's heart and ſon's you loſe:
And give him all when you juſt things refuſe.

Emp. Thou lov'ſt me ſure; thy faith has oft been try'd,
In ten pitch'd fields not ſhrinking from my ſide,
Yet giv'ſt me no advice to bring me eaſe.

Arim. Can you be cur'd, and tell not your diſeaſe?
I aſk'd you, Sir.

Emp. ——Thou ſhould'ſt have aſk'd again:
There hangs a ſecret ſhame on guilty men.
Thou ſhould'ſt have pull'd the ſecret from my breaſt,
Torn out the bearded ſteel to give me reſt:
At leaſt thou ſhould'ſt have gueſs'd——
Yet thou art honeſt, thou could'ſt ne'er have gueſs'd.
Haſt thou been never baſe? did love ne'er bend
Thy frailer virtue, to betray thy friend?
Flatter me, make thy court, and ſay, it did:
Kings in a crowd would have their vices hid.
We would be kept in count'nance, ſav'd from ſhame:
And own'd by others who commit the ſame.
Nay, now I have confeſs'd——
Thou ſeeſt me naked, and without diſguiſe:
I look on Aurenge-Zebe with rivals eyes.

He has abroad my enemies o'ercome,
And I have fought to ruin him at home.
Arim. This free confeſſion ſhews you long did ſtrive:
And virtue, though oppreſs'd, is ſtill alive.
But what ſucceſs did your injuſtice find?
Emp. What it deſerv'd, and not what I deſign'd.
Unmov'd ſhe ſtood, and deaf to all my prayers,
As ſeas and winds to ſinking mariners.
But ſeas grow calm, and winds are reconcil'd:
Her tyrant beauty never grows more mild.
Prayers, promiſes, and threats were all in vain.
Arim. Then cure your ſelf by generous diſdain.
Emp. Virtue, diſdain, deſpair, I oft have try'd,
And foil'd, have with new arms my foe defy'd;
This made me with ſo little joy to hear
The victory, when I the victor fear.
Arim. Something you ſwiftly muſt reſolve to do,
Leſt Aurenge-Zebe your ſecret love ſhould know.
Morat without does for your ruin wait;
And would you loſe the buckler of your ſtate?
A jealous Empreſs lies within your arms,
Too haughty to endure neglected charms,
Your ſon is duteous, but (as man) he's frail:
And juſt revenge o'er virtue may prevail.
Ema. Go then to Indamora, ſay from me,
Two lives depend upon her ſecreſy.
Bid her conceal my paſſion from my ſon.
Though Aurenge-Zebe return a conqueror,
Both he and ſhe are ſtill within my power.
Say, I'm a father, but a lover too;
Much to my ſon, more to my ſelf I owe.
When ſhe receives him, to her words give law:
And even the kindneſs of her glances awe.
See, he appears!

[*After a ſhort whiſper,* Arimant *departs.*

Enter Aurenge-Zebe, Dianet, *and Attendants*. Aurenge-Zebe kneels to his father, and kisses his hand.

Aur. My vows have been successful as my sword:
My prayers are heard, you have your health restor'd.
Once more 'tis giv'n me to behold your face:
The best of kings and fathers to embrace.
Pardon my tears; 'tis joy which bids 'em flow,
A joy which never was sincere till now.
That which my conquest gave, I could not prize;
Or 'twas imperfect till I saw your eyes.

Emp. Turn the discourse: I have a reason why
I would not have you speak so tenderly.
Knew you what shame your kind expressions bring,
You would in pity spare a wretched King.

Aur. A King! you rob me, Sir, of half my due:
You have a dearer name, a father too.

Emp. I had that name.

Aur. ——— What have I said or done,
That I no longer must be call'd your son?
'Tis in that name, Heaven knows, I glory more,
Than that of prince, or that of conqueror.

Emp. Then you upbraid me; I am pleas'd to see
You're not so perfect, but can fail, like me.
I have no God to deal with.

Aur. ——— Now I find
Some sly court-devil has seduc'd your mind:
Fill'd it with black suspicions, not your own:
And all my actions through false opticks shown.
I ne'er did crowns ambitiously regard:
Honour I sought, the generous mind's reward.
Long may you live! while you the sceptre sway,
I shall be still most happy to obey.

Emp. Oh Aurenge-Zebe! thy virtues shine too bright,
They flash too fierce: I, like the bird of night,
Shut my dull eyes, and sicken at the sight.

Thou haſt deſerv'd more love than I can ſhow;
But 'tis thy fate to give, and mine to owe.
Thou ſeeſt me much diſtemper'd in my mind,
Pull'd back, and then puſh'd forward to be kind:
Virtue, and ſin, fain I would my ſilence break;
But have not yet this confidence to ſpeak.
Leave me, and to thy needful reſt repair.

Aur. Reſt is not ſuiting with a lover's care,
I have not yet my Indamora ſeen.

Exit going.

Emp. Somewhat I had forgot to come back again:
So weary of a father's company!

Aur. Sir, you were pleas'd your ſelf to licenſe me.

Emp. You made me no relation of the fight.
Beſides, a rebels army is in ſight;
Adviſe me firſt: yet go——

Aſide.

He goes to Indamora; I ſhould take
A kind of envious joy to keep him back.
Yet to detain him makes my love appear:
I hate his preſence, and his abſence fear.

Exit.

Aur. To ſome new clime, or to thy native ſky,
O friendleſs and forſaken virtue fly.
Thy Indian air is deadly to thee grown;
Deceit and canker'd malice rule thy throne.
Why did my arms in battle proſp'rous prove,
To gain the barren praiſe of filial love?
The beſt of kings by women is miſled,
Charm'd by the witchcraft of a ſecond bed.
Againſt my ſelf I victories have won,
And by my fatal abſence am undone.

To him Indamora, *with* Arimant.

But here ſhe comes!
In the calm harbour of whoſe gentle breaſt,
My tempeſt-beaten ſoul may ſafely reſt.
Oh, my heart's joy! what e'er my ſorrows be,
They ceaſe and vaniſh in beholding thee;

Care shuns thy walks; as at the cheerful light,
The groaning ghosts and birds of ominous flight;
By this one view, all my past pains are paid:
And all I have to come more easy made.

Ind. Such fallen plagues as my black deeds have won,
They threaten every fortune that is mine:
Fly the pursuit of my disastrous love,
And from unhappy neighbourhood remove.

Aur. Did the laborious bird,
Whose diligence did long in village toil,
Neglect the promis'd harvest of the soil,
Should it, who cried raised love with blood,
Refuse possession of approaching good?

Ind. Love is an airy good opinion makes,
Which he who only thinks he has, partakes.
Seen by a strong imagination's beam,
That tricks and dresses up the gaudy dream;
Presented so, with rapture 'tis enjoy'd:
Raised by high fancy, and by low destroy'd.

Aur. If love be vision, mine has all the fire,
Which, in first dreams, young prophets does inspire:
I dream, in you, our promis'd paradise;
An age's tumult of continu'd bliss.
But you have fill'd your happiness to doubt
Or else 'tis past, and you have dreamt it out.

Ind. Perhaps not so.

Aur. ——Can Indamora prove
So alter'd? is it but, perhaps you love?
Then farewel all, I thought in you to find
A balm, to cure my much distemper'd mind.
I came to grieve a father's heart string'd;
But little thought to find a mistress chang'd:
Nature her self is chang'd to punish me:
Virtue turn'd vice, and faith inconstancy.

Ind. You heard me not inconstancy confess:
'Twas but a friend's advice to love me less.

Who knows what adverse fortune may befall
Arm well your mind; hope little, and fear all.
Hope, with a goodly perspect, feeds your eyes;
Shews, from a rising ground, possession nigh,
Shortens the distance, or o'erlooks it quite;
So easy 'tis to travel with the sight.

Aur. Then to despair you would my love betray,
By taking hope, its last kind friend, away.
You hold the glass, but turn the perspective,
And further off the lessen'd object drive.
You bid me fear, to chat your change I know,
You would prepare me for the coming blow.
But, to prevent you, take my last adieus;
I'll sadly tell my self, you are untrue,
Rather than stay to hear it told by you. [*Going.*

Ind. Stay, Aurenge-Zebe, I must not let you go,
And yet believe your self your own worst foe,—
Think I am true, and seek no more to know.
Let in my breast the fatal secret lie,
'Tis a sad riddle, which, if known, we die.
[*Seeming to pause.*

Aur. Fair hypocrite, you seek to cheat in vain;
Your silence argues you the time to feign.
Once more, farewel: the fault in sight is laid;
'Tis my own fault if I am now betray'd. [*Going again.*

Ind. Yet once more stay; you shall believe me true,
Though in one fate I drop my self and you.
Your absence——

Arim. ——Hold; you know the hard command
I must obey; you only can withstand
Your own mishap; I beg you on my knee,
Be not unhappy by your own decree.

Aur. Speak, Madam, by (if that be yet in oath)
Your love, I'm pleas'd we should be ruin'd both.
Both is a sound of joy.

In death's dark bow'rs our bridals we will keep;
And his cold hand
Shall draw the curtain when we go to sleep.

Ind. Know then, that man whom both of us did trust,
Has been to you unkind, to me unjust.
The guardian of my faith so false did prove,
As to solicite me with lawless love;
Pray'd, promis'd, threaten'd, all that man could do,
Base as he's great; and need I tell you who?

Aur. Yes; for I'll not believe my father meant:
Speak quickly, and my impious thoughts prevent.

Ind. You've said; I wish I could some other name!

Arim. My duty must excuse me, Sir, from blame,
A guard there.

Enter Guards.

Aur. ——Slave, for me!

Arim. ——My orders are
To seize this princess, whom the laws of war
Long since made prisoner.

Aur. ——Villain.

Arim. ——Sir, I know
Your birth, nor durst another call me so.

Aur. I have redeem'd her; and as mine she's free.

Arim. You may have right to give her liberty;
But with your father, Sir, that right dispute;
For his commands to me were absolute;
If she disclos'd his love, to use the right
Of war, and to secure her from your sight.——

Aur. I'll rescue her, or die. [*Draws.*
And you, my friends, tho' few, are yet too brave
To see your gen'ral's mistress made a slave. [*All draw.*

Ind. Hold, my dear love! if so much pow'r there lies,
As once you own'd, in Indamora's eyes,
Lose not the honour you have early won;
But stand the blameless pattern of a son.

My love your claim inviolate secures:
'Tis writ in fate, I can be only yours.
My sufferings for you make your heart my due:
Be worthy me, as I am worthy you,
I've thought, and bless'd be you who gave me time.

[*Aur. Putting up his sword.*

My virtue was surpriz'd into a crime.
Strong virtue, like strong nature, struggles still:
Exerts it self, and then throws off the ill.
I to a son's and lover's praise aspire:
And must fulfil the parts which both require.
How dear the cure of jealousy has cost!
With too much care and tenderness y'are lost!
So the fond youth from hell redeem'd his prize,
Till looking back, she vanish'd from his eyes.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II.

Betwixt the Acts, a warlike Tune is play'd, footing off guns, and shouts of soldiers are heard as in an assault.

Aurenge-Zebe, Arimant, Asaph Chan, Fazel Chan, Solyman.

Aur. WHAT man could do, was by Morat perform'd:
The fortress thrice himself in person storm'd.
Your valour bravely did th' assault sustain,
And fill'd the moats and ditches with the slain.
Till, mad with rage, into the breach he fir'd:
Slew friend and foes, and in the smoak retir'd.

Arim. To us you give what praises are not due;
Morat was thrice repuls'd, but thrice by you.
High, over all, was your great conduct shown;
You fought our safety, but forgot your own.

Asaph. Their standard, planted on the battlements,
Despair and death among the Soldiers sent!
You, the bold Omrah tumbled from the walls;
And shouts of victory pursu'd his fall.

Fazil. To you, alone, we owe this prosperous day;
Our wives and children rescu'd from the prey:
Know your own interest, Sir, where e'er you land,
We jointly vow to own no other hand.

Solym. Your wrongs are known, impose but your commands.
This hour shall bring you twenty thousand hands.

Aur. Let them who truly would appear my friends,
Employ their swords, like mine, for noble ends.
No more: remember you have bravely done:
Shall treason end, what loyalty begun?
Town to manage, some grievance I confess,
But kings, like Gods, at their own time redress.
Yet, some becoming boldness I may use:
I've well deserv'd, nor will he now refuse. [*Aside.*
I'll strike my fortunes with him at a heat,
And give him not the leisure to forget.

[*Exit attended by the Omrahs.*

Arim. Oh! Indamora, hide these fatal eyes:
Too deep they wound whom they too soon surprize.
My virtue, prudence, honour, interest, all
Before this universal monarch fall.
Beauty, like ice, our footing does betray;
Who can tread sure on the smooth slippery way.
Pleas'd with the passage, we slide swiftly on,
And see the dangers which we cannot shun.

To him Indamora.

Ind. I hope my liberty may reach thus far,
These terrene walls within my limits are.
I came to seek you, and to let you know,
How much I fear your generous pity will

The King, when he design'd you for my guard,
Resolv'd he would not make my bondage hard:
If other ends you have deceiv'd his end;
And whom he meant a guardian, made a friend.

Arim. A guardian's title I must own with shame:
But should be prouder of another name.

Ind. And that's once, 'cause I chang'd that name before:
I call'd you friend, and could you wish for more?

Arim. I dare not ask for what you would not grant:
But wishes, Madam, are extravagant;
They are not bounded with things possible:
So weak your power to think is not to tell.
I may wish more than I presume to tell.
Desire's the vast extent of human mind,
It mounts above, and leaves poor hope behind.
I could wish—

Ind. What?

Arim. Why did you speak? you've check'd my fancy
Ev'n in the approaching minute of delight.
I must take breath, ere
E're I the rapture of my wish renew,
And tell you then, it terminates in you.

Ind. Have you consider'd what th' event would be?
Or know you, Arimant your self, or me?
Were I no queen, did you my beauty weigh,
My youth in bloom, your age in its decay?

Arim. I my own judge, condemn'd my self before.
For pity aggravate my crime no more.
So weak I am; if with a frown and flame
You need have us'd but half so much disdain.

Ind. I am not much yet to that degree:
Have better thoughts both of your self, and me.
Beauty a monarch is,
Which singly power magnificently proves
By crowds of slaves, and peopled empire loves.
And such a slave as you, what queen would lose?
Above the rest; I Arimant would chuse:

For counsel, valour, truth, and kindness too,
All I could wish in man, I find in you.

Arim. What lover could to greater joy be rais'd!
I am, methinks, a God, by you thus prais'd.

Ind. To what may not desert, like yours, pretend?
You have all qualities——— that fit a friend.

Arim. So mariners mistake the promis'd coast:
And, with full sails, on the blind rocks are lost.
Think you my aged veins so faintly beat,
They rise no higher than to friendship's heat?
So weak your charms, that, like a winter's night,
Twinkling with stars, they freeze me while they light?

Ind. Mistake me not, good Arimane, I know
My beauty's pow'r, and what my charms can do.
You your own talent have not learn'd so well,
But practise one, where you can ne'er excell.
You can at most,
To an indiff'rent lover's praise pretend:
But you would spoil an admirable friend.

Arim. Never was amity so highly priz'd;
Nor ever any love so much despis'd.
Ev'n to my self ridiculous I grow;
And would be angry if I knew but how.

Ind. Do not. Your anger, like your love, is vain:
Whene'er I please, you must be pleas'd again.
Knowing what pow'r I have your will to bend,
I'll use it; for I need just such a friend.
You must perform, not what you think is fit;
But to whatever I propose, submit.

Arim. Madam, you have a strange ascendant gain'd;
You use me like a courser, spurr'd and rein'd:
If I fly out, my fierceness you command,
Then sooth, and gently stroke me with your hand.
Impose; but use your pow'r of taxing well:
When subjects cannot pay, they soon rebel.

Enter the Emperor, *unseen by them.*

Ind. My rebels punishment would easy prove:
You know y'are in my pow'r by making love.

Arim. Would I, without dispute, your will obey,
And could you, in return, my life betray?

Emp. What danger, Arimant, is this you fear?
Or what love secret which I must not hear?
These alter'd looks some inward motion show,
His cheeks are pale, and yours with blushes glow. [*To her.*

Ind. 'Tis what, with justice, may my anger move;
He has been bold, and talk'd to me of love.

Arim. I am betray'd, and shall be doom'd to die! [*Aside.*

Emp. Did he, my slave, presume to look so high?
That crawling insect, who from mud began,
Warm'd by my beams, and kindl'd into man?
Durst he, who does but for my pleasure live,
Intrench on love, my great prerogative?
Print his base image on his sovereign's coin?
'Tis treason if he stamp his love with mine.

Arim. 'Tis true, I have been bold; but if it be
A crime——

Ind. ——He means, 'tis only so to me.
You, Sir, should praise, what I must disapprove:
He insolently talk'd to me of love:
But, Sir, 'twas yours, he made it in your name:
You, if you please, may all he said disclaim.

Emp. I must disclaim whate'er he can express:
His groveling sense will shew my passion less.
But stay, if what he said my message be,
What fear, what danger could arrive from me?
He said, he fear'd you would his life betray.

Ind. Should he presume again, perhaps I may.
Though in your hands he hazard not his life,
Remember, Sir, your fury of a wife:

Who, not content to be reveng'd on you,
The agents of your paſſion will purſue.

Emp. If I but hear her nam'd, I'm ſick that day;
The ſound is mortal, and frights life away.
Forgive me, Arimant, my jealous thought:
Diſtruſt in lovers is the tender'ſt fault.
Leave me, and tell thy ſelf in my excuſe,
Love, and a crown, no rivalſhip can bear;
And precious things are ſtill poſſeſs'd with fear.

[*Exit Arimant bowing.*

This, Madam, my excuſe to you may plead;
Love ſhould forgive the faults which love has made.

Ind. From me, what pardon can you hope to have,
Robb'd of my love, and treated as a ſlave?

Emp. Force is the laſt relief which lovers find:
And 'tis the beſt excuſe of woman-kind.

Ind. Force never yet a generous heart did gain;
We yield on parley, but are ſtorm'd in vain.
Conſtraint in all things makes the pleaſure leſs:
Sweet is the love which comes with willingneſs.

Emp. No; 'tis reſiſtance that inflames deſire:
Sharpens the darts of love, and blows his fire.
Love is diſarm'd that meets with too much eaſe:
He languiſhes, and does not care to pleaſe.
And therefore 'tis your golden fruit you guard
With ſo much care, to make poſſeſſion hard.

Ind. Was't not enough, you took my crown away,
But cruelly you muſt my love betray?
I was well-pleas'd to have transferr'd my right,
And better chang'd your claim of lawleſs might,
By taking him, whom you eſteem'd above
Your other ſons, and taught me firſt to love.

Emp. My ſon, by my command his courſe muſt ſteer;
I bad him love, I bid him now forbear.
If you have any kindneſs for him ſtill,
Adviſe him not to ſhock a father's will.

Ind. Muſt I adviſe?
Then let me ſee him, and I'll try to obey.

Emp. I had forgot, and dare not truſt your way.
But ſend him word,
He has not here an army to command:
Remember he and you are in my hand.

Ind. Yes, in a father's hand, whom he has ſerv'd;
And, with the hazard of his life, preſerv'd.
But piety to you, unhappy prince,
Becomes a crime, and duty an offence:
Againſt your ſelf you with your foes combine,
And ſeem your own deſtruction to deſign.

Emp. You may be pleas'd your politicks to ſpare:
I'm old enough, and can my ſelf take care.

Ind. Advice from me was, I confeſs, too bold:
Y'are old enough, it may be, Sir, too old.

Emp. You pleaſe your ſelf with your contempt of age:
But love, neglected, will convert to rage.
If on your head my fury does not turn,
Thank that fond dotage which ſo much you ſcorn.
But, in another's perſon you may prove,
There's warmth for vengeance left, though not for love.

Re-enter Arimant.

Arim. The Empreſs has the anti-chambers paſt,
And this way moves with a diſorder'd haſte:
Her brows, the ſtormy marks of anger bear.

Emp. Madam, retire: ſhe muſt not find you here.

[*Exit Indamora with Arimant.*

Enter Nourmahal *haſtily.*

Nour. What have I done, that Nourmahal muſt prove
The ſcorn and triumph of a rival's love?
My eyes are ſtill the ſame, each glance, each grace,
Keep their firſt luſtre, and maintain their place;
Not ſecond yet to any other face.

Emp. What rage tranſports you? Are you well awake?
Such dreams diſtracted minds in fevers make.

Nour. Thoſe fevers you have giv'n, thoſe dreams have bred,
By broken faith, and an abandon'd bed.
Such viſions hourly paſs before my ſight;
Which from my eyes their balmy ſlumbers fright,
In the ſevereſt ſilence of the night.
Viſions which in this citadel are ſeen;
Bright, glorious viſions of a rival queen.

Emp. Have patience, my firſt flames can ne'er decay:
Theſe are but dreams, and ſoon will paſs away.
Thou know'ſt, my heart, my empire, all is thine:
In thy own heav'n of love ſerenely ſhine:
Fair as the face of nature did appear,
When flowers firſt peep'd, and trees did bloſſoms bear,
And winter had not yet deform'd th'inverted year.
Calm as the breath which fans our eaſtern groves,
And bright as when thy eyes firſt lighted up our loves.
Let our eternal peace be ſeal'd by this,
With the firſt ardour of a nuptial kiſs. [*Offers to kiſs her.*

Nour. Me would you have, me your faint kiſſes prove,
The dregs and droppings of enervate love?
Muſt I your cold long-labouring age ſuſtain,
And be to empty joys provok'd in vain?
Receive your ſighing after other charms,
And take an abſent huſband in my arms?

Emp. Even theſe reproaches I can bear from you,
You doubted of my love, believe it true.
Nothing but love this patience could produce,
And I allow your rage that kind excuſe.

Nour. Call it not patience, 'tis your guilt ſtands mute:
You have a cauſe too foul to bear diſpute.
You wrong me firſt, and urge my rage to riſe,
Then I muſt paſs for mad, you, meek and wiſe,
Good man, plead merit by your ſoft replies,
Vain privilege, poor women have of tongue:
Man can ſtand ſilent and reſolve on wrong.

Emp. What can I more? my friendſhip you refuſe,
And even my mildneſs, as my crime accuſe.
Nour. Your ſullen ſilence cheats not me, falſe man;
I know you think the bloodieſt things you can.
Could you accuſe me, you would raiſe your voice:
Watch for my crimes, and in my guilt rejoice.
But my known virtue is from ſcandal free,
And leaves no ſhadow for your calumny.
Emp. Such virtue is the plague of human life:
A virtuous woman but a curſed wife.
In vain of pompous chaſtity y'are proud:
Virtue's adultery of the tongue when loud.
I, with leſs pain, a proſtitute could bear,
Than the ſhrill ſound of virtue, virtue bear.
In unchaſte wives———
There's yet a kind of recompenſing eaſe:
Vice keeps 'em humble, gives 'em care to pleaſe:
But againſt clamorous virtue, what defence?
It ſtops our mouths, and gives your noiſe pretence.
Nour. Since virtue does your indignation raiſe,
'Tis pity but you had that wife you praiſe.
Your own wild appetites are prone to range;
And then you tax our humours with your change.
Emp. What can be ſweeter than our native home!
Thither for eaſe, and ſoft repoſe, we come:
Home is the ſacred refuge of our life:
Secur'd from all approaches, but a wife.
If thence we fly, the cauſe admits no doubt:
None but an inmate foe could force us out.
Clamours, our privacies uneaſy make:——— [forſake.
Birds leave their neſts diſturb'd, and beaſts their haunts
Nour. Honour's my crime that hath your loathing bred:
You take no pleaſure in a virtuous bed.
Emp. What pleaſure can there be in that eſtate,
Which your unquietneſs has made me hate?
I ſhrink far off———

Diſſembling ſleep, but wakeful with the fright,
The day takes off the pleaſure of the night.

Nour. My thoughts no other joys but pow'r purſue:
Or if they did, they muſt be loſt in you.
And yet the fault's not mine———
Though youth and beauty cannot warmth command;
The ſun in vain ſhines on the barren ſand.

Emp. 'Tis true, of marriage bands I'm weary grown;
Love ſcorns all ties, but thoſe that are his own.
Chains that are dragg'd, muſt needs uneaſy prove:
For there's a god-like liberty in love.

Nour. What's love to you?
The bloom of beauty other years demands,
Nor will be gather'd by ſuch wither'd hands:
You importune it with a falſe deſire,
Which ſparkles out, and makes no ſolid fire.
This impudence of age, whence can it ſpring?
All you expect, and yet you nothing bring.
Eager to aſk, when you are paſt a grant;
Nice in providing what you cannot want.
Have conſcience, give not her you love this pain:
Sollicite not your ſelf, and her, in vain.
All other debts may compenſation find:
But love is ſtrict, and will be paid in kind.

Emp. Sure of all ills domeſtick are the worſt;
When moſt ſecure of bleſſings, we are curſt.
When we lay next us what we hold moſt dear,
Like Hercules, envenom'd ſhirts we wear,
And cleaving miſchiefs.

Nour. ———What you merit, have:
And ſhare, at leaſt, the miſeries you gave.
Your days I will alarm, I'll haunt your nights,
And, worſe than age, diſable your delights.
May your ſick fame ſtill languiſh till it die:
All offices of pow'r neglected lie,
And you grow cheap in every ſubject's eye.

Then as the greateſt curſe that I can give;
Unpity'd, be depos'd: and after live. [*Going off.*

Emp. Stay; and now learn,
How criminal ſoe'er we huſbands are,
'Tis not for wives to puſh our crimes too far.
Had you ſtill miſtreſs of your temper been,
I had been modeſt, and not own'd my ſin.
Your fury hardens me, and whate'er wrong
You ſuffer, you've cancell'd by your tongue.
A guard there; ſeize her: ſhe ſhall know this hour,
What is a huſband's, and a monarch's pow'r.
[*Guard ſeizes her.*

[*Enter* Aurenge-Zebe.

Nour. I ſee for whom your charter you maintain:
I muſt be fetter'd, and my ſon be ſlain,
That Zelyma's ambitious race may reign.
Not ſo, you promis'd when my beauty drew
All Aſia's vows, when Perſia left for you,
The realm of Candahar for dow'r I brought:
That long contended prize for which you fought.

Aur. The name of ſtep-mother, your practis'd art,
By which you have eſtrang'd my father's heart,
All you have done againſt me, or deſign,
Shews your averſion, but begets not mine.
Long may my father India's empire guide:
And may no breach your nuptial vows divide.

Emp. Since love obliges not, I from this hour,
Aſſume the right of man's deſpotick pow'r:
Man is by nature form'd your ſex's head:
And is himſelf the cannon of his bed.
In bands of iron fetter'd you ſhall be:
An eaſier yoke than what you put on me.

Aur. Though much I fear my int'reſt is not great,
[*Kneeling.*
Let me your royal clemency intreat.

Secrets of marriage ſtill are ſacred held:
Their ſweet and bitter by the wife conceal'd.
Errors of wives reflect on huſbands ſtill:
And, when divulg'd, proclaim you've choſen ill.
And the myſterious pow'r of bed and throne,
Should always be maintain'd, but rarely ſhown.

Emp. To ſo perverſe a ſex all grace is vain;
It gives 'em courage to offend again;
For with feign'd tears they penitence pretend:
Again are pardon'd, and again offend.
Fathom our pity when they ſeem to grieve;
Only to try how far we can forgive.
Till lanching out into a ſea of ſtrife,
They ſcorn all pardon, and appear all wife.
But be it as you pleaſe: for your lov'd ſake,
This laſt and fruitleſs trial I will make.
In all requeſts, your right of merit uſe:
And know, there is but one I can refuſe.

[*He ſigns to the guards, and they remove from the Empreſs.*

Nour. You've done enough, for you deſign'd my chains:
The grace is vaniſh'd, but th' affront remains.
Nor is't a grace, or for his merit done;
You durſt no farther, for you fear'd my ſon.
This you have gain'd by the rough courſe you prove:
I'm paſt repentance, and you paſt my love. [*Exit.*

Emp. A ſpirit ſo untam'd the world ne'er bore.

Aur. And yet worſe uſage had incens'd her more.
But ſince by no obligement ſhe is ty'd,
You muſt betimes for your defence provide.
I cannot idle in your danger ſtand;
But beg once more I may your arms command.
Two battles your auſpicious cauſe has won;
My ſword can perfect what it has begun,
And from your walls diſlodge that haughty ſon.

Emp. My ſon, your valour has, this day, been ſuch,
None can enough admire, or praiſe too much;
But now, with reaſon, your ſucceſs I doubt:
Her faction's ſtrong within, his arms without.

Aur. I left the city in a panick fright,
Lions they are in council, lambs in fight.
But my own troops by Mirzah led, are near:
I, by to-morrow's dawn, expect 'em here.
To favour 'em I'll ſally out e'er day:
And through our ſlaughter'd foes enlarge their way.

Emp. Age has not yet
So ſhrunk my ſinews, or ſo chill'd my veins,
But conſcious virtue in my breaſt remains.
But had I now
That ſtrength, with which my boiling youth was fraught;
When in the vale of Balaſor I fought,
And from Bengale their captive monarch brought.
When elephant 'gainſt elephant did rear
His trunk, and caſtles juſtl'd in the air.
My ſword thy way to victory had ſhown:
And ow'd the conqueſt to it ſelf alone.

Aur. Thoſe fair ideas to my aid I'll call,
And emulate my great original.
Or, if they fail, I will invoke in arms,
The pow'r of love, and Indamora's charms.

Emp. I doubt the happy influence of your ſtar;
T'invoke a captive's name bodes ill in war.

Aur. Sir, give me leave to ſay, whatever now
The omen prove, it boded well to you.
Your royal promiſe, when I went to fight,
Oblig'd me to reſign a victor's right.
Her liberty I fought for, and I won:
And claim it as your gen'ral, and your ſon.

Emp. My ears ſtill ring with noiſe, I'm vex'd to death:
Tongue-kill'd, and have not yet recover'd breath.

Nor will I be prescrib'd my time by you:
First end the war, and then your claim renew.
While to your conduct I my fortune trust,
To keep this pledge of duty is but just.

Aur. Some hidden cause your jealousy does move,
Or you could ne'er suspect my loyal love.

Emp. What love soever by an heir is shown,
He waits but time to step into the throne.
You're neither justify'd, nor yet accus'd:
Mean while, the pris'ner with respect is us'd.

Aur. I know the kindness of her guardian such,
I need not fear the little, but too much.
But how, Sir, how have you from virtue swerv'd?
Or what so ill return have I deserv'd?
You doubt not me, nor have I spent my blood,
To have my faith no better understood:
Your soul's above the baseness of distrust:
Nothing but love could make you so unjust.

Emp. You know your rival then; and know 'tis fit,
The son's should to the father's claim submit.

Aur. Sons may have right which they can never quit.
Your self first made that title which I claim:
First bid me love, and authoris'd my flame.

Emp. The value of my gift I did not know:
If I could give, I can resume it too.

Aur. Recal your gift, for I your power confess:
But first, take back my life, a gift that's less.
Long life would now but a long burthen prove:
You're grown unkind, and I have lost your love.
My grief let unbecoming speeches fall:
I should have dy'd, and not complain'd at all.

Emp. Witness ye pow'rs,
How much I suffer'd, and how long I strove
Against th' assaults of this imperious love!
I represented to my self the shame
Of perjur'd faith, and violated fame.

Your great deserts, how ill they were repay'd;
All arguments in vain, I urg'd and weigh'd:
For mighty love, who prudence does despise,
For reason, shew'd me Indamora's eyes.
What would you more, my crime I fully view,
Acknowledge, am asham'd, and yet pursue.

Aur. Since you can love, and yet your error see,
The same resistless pow'r may plead for me.
With no less ardour I my claim pursue:
I love, and cannot yield her even to you. [right a

Emp. Your elder brothers, tho' o'ercome, have
The youngest yet in arms prepar'd to fight.
But, yielding her, I firmly have decreed,
That you alone to empire shall succeed.

Aur. To after ages let me stand a shame,
When I exchange for crowns my love or fame.
You might have found a mercenary son,
To profit of the battles he had won:
Had I been such what hinder'd me to take
The crown? nor had th' exchange been yours to make.
While you are living, I no right pretend;
Wear it, and let it where you please, descend.
But from my love, 'tis sacrilege to part:
There, there's my throne in Indamora's heart.

Emp. 'Tis in her heart alone that you must reign;
You'll find her person difficult to gain.
Give willingly what I can take by force:
And know, obedience is your safest course.

Aur. I'm taught by honour's precepts to obey:
Fear to obedience is a slavish way.
If ought my want of duty could beget;
You take the most prevailing means, to threat:
Pardon your blood that boils within my veins;
It rises high, and menacing disdains.
Even death's become to me no dreadful name:
I've often met him, and have made him tame.

In fighting fields, where our acquaintance grew,
I saw him, and contemn'd him first for you.

Emp. Of formal duty make no more thy boast:
Thou disobey'st where it concerns me most.
Fool, with both hands thus to push back a crown:
And headlong cast thy self from empire down.
Though Nourmahal I hate, her son shall reign:
Inglorious thou, by thy own fault remain.
Thy younger brother I'll admit this hour:
So mine shall be thy mistress, his thy pow'r. [*Exit.*

Aur. How vain is virtue which directs our ways
Through certain danger, to uncertain praise!
Barren and airy name! thee fortune flies;
With thy lean train, the pious and the wise.
Heav'n takes thee at thy word, without regard;
And lets thee poorly be thine own reward.
The world is made for the bold impious man;
Who stops at nothing, seizes all he can.
Justice to merit does weak aid afford;
She trusts her ballance, and neglects her sword.
Virtue is nice to take what's not her own;
And, while she long consults, the prize is gone.

To him Dianet.

Dia. Forgive the bearer of unhappy news:
Your alter'd father openly pursues
Your ruin; and to compass his intent,
For violent Morat in haste has sent.
The gates he order'd all to be unbarr'd:
And from the market place to draw the guard.

Aur. How look the people in this turn of state?

Dia. They mourn your ruin as their proper fate,
Cursing the empress: for they think it done
By her procurement, to advance her son.
Him too, though aw'd, they scarcely can forbear;
His pride they hate, his violence they fear.

All bent to riſe, would you appear their chief,
Till your own troops come up to your relief.

Aur. Ill treated, and forſaken as I am,
I'll not betray the glory of my name:
'Tis not for me who have preſerv'd a ſtate,
To buy an empire at ſo baſe a rate.

Dia. The points of honour poets may produce,
Trappings of life, for ornament, not uſe.
Honour, which only does the name advance,
Is the meer raving madneſs of romance.
Pleas'd with a word, you may ſit tamely down;
And ſee your younger brother force the crown.

Aur. I know my fortune in extreams does lie:
The ſons of Indoſtan muſt reign or die,
That deſperate hazard courage does create;
As he plays frankly who has leaſt eſtate.
And that the world the coward will deſpiſe,
When life's a blank, who pulls not for a prize?

Dia. Of all your knowledge, this vain fruit you have,
To walk with eyes broad open to your grave.

Aur. From what I've ſaid, conclude without reply,
I neither would uſurp, nor tamely die.
Th' attempt to fly, would guilt betray, or fear:
Beſides, 'twere vain; the fort's our priſon here.
Somewhat I have reſolv'd———
Morat perhaps, has honour in his breaſt:
And, in extreams, bold counſels are the beſt.
Like emp'rick remedies they laſt are try'd;
And by th' event condemn'd, or juſtify'd.
Preſence of mind, and courage in diſtreſs,
Are more than armies to procure ſucceſs. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Arimant, *with a letter in his hand*, Indamora.

Arim. AND I the messenger to him from you?
Your empire you to tyranny pursue;
You lay commands, both cruel and unjust,
To serve my rival, and betray my trust.

Ind. You first betray'd your trust in loving me,
And should not I my own advantage see?
Serving my love, you may my friendship gain,
You know the best of your pretences vain.
You must, my Arimant, you must be kind:
'Tis your nature, and your noble mind.

Arim. I'll to the King, and straight my trust resign.

Ind. His trust you may, but you shall never mine.
Heav'n made you love me for no other end,
But to become my confident and friend.
As such, I keep no secret from your sight,
And therefore make you judge how ill I write:
Read it, and tell me freely then your mind:
If 'tis indited as I meant it kind.

Arim. Reading.] I ask not Heav'n my freedom to restore,
But only for your sake ——— I'll read no more:
And yet I must ———
Reading.] Less for my own, than for your sorrow, sad ——
Another line like this wou'd make me mad ———
As reading. Heav'n! she goes on —— yet more —— and yet more kind!
Each sentence is a dagger to my mind.
Reading.] See me this night ———

Thank fortune, who did such a friend provide,
For faithful Arimant shall be your guide:
Not only to be made an instrument,
But pre-ingag'd without my own consent.
Ind. Unknown t'ingage you still augment my score,
And gives you scope of meriting the more.
Arim. The best of men
Some int'rest in their actions must confess;
None merit, but in hope they may possess.
The fatal paper rather let me tear,
Than like Bellerophon my own sentence bear.
Ind. You may, but 'twill not be your best advice.
'Twill only give me pains of writing twice.
You know you must obey me, soon or late:
Why should you vainly struggle with your fate?
Arim. I thank thee, Heav'n, thou hast been wondrous kind!
Why am I thus to slavery design'd,
And yet am cheated with a free-born mind?
Or make thy orders with my reason suit,
Or let me live by sense a glorious brute——— [*She frowns.*
You frown, and I obey with speed before
That dreadful sentence comes, *See me no more!*
See me no more! that sound, methinks, I hear
Like the last trumpet thund'ring in my ear.

Enter Solyman.

Solym. The Princess Melesinda bath'd in tears,
And toss'd alternately with hopes and fears,
If your affairs such leisure can afford,
Would learn from you the fortunes of her lord.
Arim. Tell her, that I some certainty may bring,
I go this minute to attend the King.
Ind. This lonely turtle I desire to see:
Grief, though not cur'd, is eas'd by company.
Arim. To Solym.] Say, if she please, she hither may repair,
And breath the freshness of the open air. [*Exit Solym.*

Ind. Poor Princeſs! how I pity her eſtate,
Wrapt in the ruins of her huſband's fate;
She mourn'd Morat ſhould in rebellion riſe;
Yet he offends, and ſhe's the ſacrifice.

Arim. Not knowing his deſign at court ſhe ſtaid;
Till, by command, cloſe pris'ner ſhe was made.
Since when,
Her chains with Roman conſtancy ſhe bore;
But that, perhaps, an Indian wife's is more.

Ind. Go, bring her comfort: leave me here alone.

Arim. My love muſt ſtill be in obedience ſhown.

[*Exit Arim.*

Enter Meleſinda, *led by* Solyman, *who retires afterwards.*

Ind. When graceful ſorrow in her pomp appears,
Sure ſhe is dreſs'd in Meleſinda's tears.
Your head reclin'd, (as hiding grief from view,)
Droops like a roſe, ſurcharg'd with morning dew.

Mel. Can flow'rs but droop in abſence of the ſun,
Which wak'd their ſweets? and mine, alas! is gone.
But you the nobleſt charity expreſs:
For they who ſhine in courts ſtill ſhun diſtreſs.

Ind. Diſtreſs'd my ſelf, like you, confin'd I live:
And therefore can compaſſion take, and give.
We're both love's captives, but with fate ſo croſs,
One muſt be happy by the other's loſs.
Morat or Aurenge-Zebe muſt fall this day.

Mel. Too truly Tamerlain's ſucceſſors they,
Each thinks a world too little for his ſway.
Could you and I the ſame pretences bring,
Mankind ſhould with more eaſe receive a king:
I would to you the narrow world reſign,
And want no empire while Morat was mine.

Ind. Wiſh'd freedom I preſage you ſoon will find;
If Heav'n be juſt, and be to virtue kind.

Mel. Quite otherwiſe my mind foretels my fate:
Short is my life, and that unfortunate.

Yet should I not complain, would Heav'n afford
Some little time, e're death, to see my lord.

Ind. These thoughts are but your melancholy's food;
Rais'd from a lonely life, and dark abode:
But whatsoe'er our jarring fortunes prove,
Though our Lords hate, methinks we two may love.

Mel. Such be our loves as may not yield to fate:
I bring a heart more true than fortunate.

[*Giving their hands.*

To them Arimant.

Arim. I come with haste, surprizing news to bring:
In two hours time, since last I saw the King,
Th' affairs of court have wholly chang'd their face:
Unhappy Aurenge-Zebe is in disgrace:
And your Morat (proclaim'd the successor)
Is call'd to awe the city with his power.
Those trumpets his triumphant entry tell,
And now the shouts waste near the citadel.

Ind. See, Madam, see th' event by me fore-shown:
I envy not your chance, but grieve my own.

Mel. A change so unexpected must surprize:
And more, because I am unus'd to joys.

Ind. May all your wishes ever prosp'rous be,
But I'm too much concern'd th' event to see,
My eyes too tender are———
To view my lord become the publick scorn,
I came to comfort, and I go to mourn. [*Taking her leave.*

Mel. Stay, I'll not see my lord,
Before I give your sorrow some relief,
And pay the charity you lent my grief.
Here he shall see me first with you confin'd:
And if your virtue fail to move his mind,
I'll use my int'rest that he may be kind.
Fear not, I never mov'd him yet in vain.

Ind. So fair a pleader any cause may gain.

Mel. I have no taſte, methinks, of coming joy;
For black preſages all my hopes deſtroy.
Die, ſomething whiſpers, Meleſinda, die;
Fulfil, fulfil thy mournful deſtiny.
Mine is a gleam of bliſs too hot to laſt,
Watry it ſhines, and will be ſoon o'ercaſt.

Indamora *and* Meleſinda *re-enter as into the chamber.*

Arim. Fortune ſeems weary grown of Aurenge-Zebe,
While to her new made favourite, Morat,
Her laviſh hand is waſtefully profuſe:
With fame and flowing honour tided in,
Born on a ſwelling current ſmooth beneath him.
The King and haughty Empreſs, to our wonder,
If not atton'd, yet ſeemingly at peace:
As fate for him that miracle reſerv'd.

Enter in triumph, Emperor, Morat, *and Train.*

Emp. I have confeſs'd I love.
As I interpret fairly your deſign,
So look not with ſeverer eyes on mine.
Your fate has call'd you to the imperial ſeat:
In duty be, as you in arms are great.
For Aurenge-Zebe a hated name is grown,
And love leſs bears a rival than the throne.

Mor. To me, the cries of fighting fields are charms:
Keen by my ſable, and of proof my arms.
I aſk no other bleſſing of my ſtars:
No prize but fame, nor miſtreſs but the wars.
I ſcarce am pleas'd, I tamely mount the throne:
Would Aurenge-Zebe had all their ſouls in one,
With all my elder brothers I would fight,
And ſo from partial nature force my right.

Emp. Had we but laſting youth, and time to ſpare,
Some might be thrown away on fame and war.
But youth, the periſhing good, runs on too faſt:
And unenjoy'd will ſpend it ſelf to waſte;
Few know the uſe of life before 'tis paſt.

Had I once more thy vigour to command,
I would not let it die upon my hand.
No hour of pleasure should pass empty by,
Youth should watch joys, and shoot 'em as they fly.

Mor. Methinks all pleasure is in greatness found,
Kings, like Heav'n's eye, should spread their beams around;
Pleas'd to be seen, while glory's race they run:
Rest is not for the chariot of the sun.
Subjects are stiff-neck'd animals, they soon
Feel slack'd reins, and pitch their rider down.

Emp. To thee that drudgery of pow'r I give:
Cares be thy lot, reign thou, and let me live,
The fort I'll keep for my security,
Bus'ness and publick state resign to thee.

Mor. Luxurious kings are to their people lost;
They live, like drones, upon the publick cost.
My arms, from pole to pole, the world shall shake:
And, with my self, keep all mankind awake.

Emp. Believe me, son, and needless trouble spare;
'Tis a base world, and is not worth our care.
The vulgar, a scarce animated clod,
Ne'er pleas'd with ought above 'em, prince, or God.
Were I a God, the drunken globe should rowl:
The little emmets with the human soul,
Care for themselves, while at my ease I sate,
And second causes did the work of fate.
Or, if I would take care, that care should be,
For wit, that scorn'd the world, and liv'd like me.

To them Nourmahal, Zayda, *and Attendants.*

Nour. My dear Morat, [*Embracing her son.*
This day propitious to us all has been:
You're now a monarch's heir, and I a Queen.
Your youthful father now may quit the state,
And finds the ease he sought, indulg'd by fate.

Cares shall not keep him on the throne awake,
Nor break the golden slumbers he would take.

Emp. In vain I struggl'd to the goal of life,
While rebel-sons, and an imperious wife,
Still dragg'd me back wards into noise and strife.

Mor. Be that remembrance lost; and be it my pride
To be your pledge of peace on either side.

To them Aurenge-Zebe.

Aur. With all th' assurance innocence can bring,
Fearless without, because secure within.
Arm'd with my courage, unconcern'd I see
This pomp; a shame to you, a pride to me.
Shame is but where with wickedness 'tis join'd;
And, while no baseness in this breast I find,
I have not lost the birth-right of my mind.

Emp. Children (the blind effect of love and chance,
Form'd by their sportive parents ignorance)
Bear from their birth th' impressions of a slave:
Whom Heav'n for play-games first, and then for service gave.
One then may be displac'd, and one may reign;
And want of merit render birth-right vain.

Mor. Comes he t' upbraid us with his innocence?
Seize him, and take the preaching Brachman hence.

Aur. Stay, Sir; I, from my years, no merit plead:
[To his Father.
All my designs and acts to duty lead.
Your life and glory are my only end;
And for that prize I with Morat contend.

Mor. Not him alone; I all mankind defy.
Who dare adventure more for both than I?

Aur. I know you brave, and take you at your word:
That present service which you vaunt, afford.
Our two rebellious brothers are not dead:
Though vanquish'd, yet again they gather head.

I dare you, as your rival in renown,
March out your army from th' imperial town:
Chuſe whom you pleaſe, the other leave to me;
And ſet our father abſolutely free.
This, if you do, to end all future ſtrife,
I am content to lead a private life:
Diſband my army to ſecure the ſtate,
Nor aim at more but leave the reſt to fate.

Mor. I'll do't, draw out my army on the plain;
War is to me a paſtime, peace a pain.

Emp. To Morat.] Think better firſt.
To Aur.] You ſee your ſelf incloſ'd beyond eſcape,
And therefore, Proteus like, you change your ſhape.
Of promiſe prodigal, while pow'r you want,
And preaching in the ſelf-denying cant.

Mor. Plot better; for theſe arts too obvious are,
Of gaining time, the maſter-piece of war:
Is Aurenge-Zebe ſo known?

Aur. If alſo like mine,
So far from int'reſt, profit, or deſign,
Can ſhow my heart, by thoſe I would be known,
I wiſh you could as well defend your own.
My abſent army for my father fought;
Yours, in theſe walls, is to enſlave him brought.
If I come ſingly, you an armed gueſt;
The world with eaſe may judge whoſe cauſe is beſt.

Mor. My father ſaw you ill deſigns purſue:
And my admiſſion ſhow'd his fear of you.

Aur. Himſelf beſt knows why he his love withdraws:
I owe him more than to declare the cauſe.
But ſtill I preſs our duty may be ſhown
By arms.

Mor. ——I'll vanquiſh all his foes alone.

Aur. You ſpeak as if you could the fates command,
And had no need of any other hand.

But, since my honour you so far suspect,
'Tis just I should on your designs reflect.
To prove your self a loyal son, declare,
You'll lay down arms when you conclude the war.

Mor. No present answer your demand requires,
The war once done, I'll do what Heav'n inspires.
And while the sword this monarchy secures,
'Tis manag'd by an abler arm than yours.

Emp. Morat's design a doubtful meaning bears, [*Apart.*
In Aurenge-Zebe true loyalty appears.
He, for my safety, does his own despise;
Still with his wrongs, I find his duty rise.
I feel my virtue struggling in my soul,
But stronger passion does its pow'r controul.
Yet be advis'd your ruin to prevent, [*To Aur. apart.*
You might be safe if you would give consent.

Aur. So to your welfare I of use may be,
My life and death are equal both to me.

Emp. The people's hearts are yours; the fort yet mine:
Be wise, and Indamora's love resign;
I am observ'd, remember that I give
This my last proof of kindness, die, or live.

Aur. Life, with my Indamora I would chuse;
But, losing her, the end of living lose.
I had consider'd all I ought before:
And fear of death can make me change no more.
The people's love so little I esteem,
Condemn'd by you, I would not live by them.
May he who must your favour now possess,
Much better serve you, and not love you less.

Emp. I've heard you; and, to finish the debate, [*Aloud.*
Commit that rebel pris'ner to the state.

Mor. The deadly draught he shall begin this day;
And languish with insensible decay.

Aur. I hate the lingring summons to attend,
Death all at once would be the nobler end.

Fate is unkind; methinks a general
Should warm, and at the head of armies fall.
And my ambition did that hope pursue,
That so I might have dy'd in fight for you.
[*To his Father.*

Mor. Would I had been disposer of thy stars:
Thou should'st have had thy wish, and dy'd in wars.
'Tis I, not thou, have reason to repine,
That thou should'st fall by any hand, but mine.

Aur. When thou wert form'd, Heav'n did a man begin;
But the brute soul, by chance, was shuffl'd in.
In woods and wilds thy monarchy maintain,
Where valiant beasts by force and rapine reign.
In life's next scene, if transmigration be,
Some bear or lion is reserv'd for thee.

Mor. Take heed thou com'st not in that lion's way:
I prophesy thou wilt thy soul convey
Into a lamb, and be again my prey.
Hence with that dreaming priest.

Nour. ——Let me prepare
The pois'nous draught; his death shall be my care:
Near my apartment let him pris'ner be,
That I his hourly ebbs of life may see.

Aur. My life I would not ransom with a pray'r;
'Tis vile, since 'tis not worth my father's care.
I go not, Sir, indebted to my grave,
You paid your self, and took the life you gave. [*Exit.*

Emp. O that I had more sense of virtue left. [*Aside.*
Or were of that, which yet remains, bereft.
I have just enough to know how I offend,
And, to my shame, have not enough to mend.
Lead to the mosque——

Mor. Love's pleasures, why should dull devotion stay?
Heav'n to my Meleslnda's but the way.
[*Exeunt Emperor, Morat, and Train.*

Zayd. Sure Aurenge-Zebe has somewhat of divine,
Whose virtue through so dark a cloud can shine.
Fortune has from Morat this day remov'd
The greatest rival, and the best belov'd.

Nour. He is not yet remov'd.

Zayd. ——— He lives, 'tis true;
But soon must die, and, what I mourn, by you.

Nour. My Zayda, may thy words prophetick be,
[*Embracing her eagerly.*
I take the omen, let him die by me!
He, stifl'd in my arms, shall lose his breath:
And life it self shall envious be of death.

Zayd. Bless me, you Pow'rs above!

Nour. ——— Why dost thou stare!
Is love so strange, or have not I a heart?
Could Aurenge-Zebe so lovely seem to thee,
And I want eyes that noble worth to see?
Thy little soul was but to wonder mov'd;
My sense of it was higher, and I lov'd.
That man, that godlike man, so brave, so great;
But these are thy small praises I repeat. ———
I'm carry'd by a tide of love away:
He's somewhat more than I my self can say.

Zayd. Though all the ideas you can form be true,
He must not, cannot be possess'd by you.
If contradicting int'rest could be mixt,
Nature her self hath cast a bar betwixt.
And e'er you reach to this incestuous love,
You must divine and human rights remove.

Nour. Count this among the wonders love has done:
I had forgot, he was my husband's son!

Zayd. Nay more, you have forgot who is your own:
For whom your care so long design'd the throne.
Morat must fall, if Aurenge-Zebe should rise.

Nour. 'Tis true; but who was e'er in love, and wise.

Why was that fatal knot of marriage ty'd,
Which did, by making us too near, divide?
Divides me from my sex! for Heav'n, I find,
Excludes but me alone of woman-kind.
I stand with guilt confounded, lost with shame,
And yet made wretched only by a name.
If names have such command on human life,
Love's sure a name that's more divine than wife.
That sov'reign power all guilt from action takes,
At least the stains are beautiful it makes.

Zayd. Th' incroaching ill you early should oppose:
Flatter'd, 'tis worse, and by indulgence grows.

Nour. Alas! and what have I not said or done?
I fought it to the last: and love has won.
A bloody conquest; which destruction brought,
And ruin'd all the country where he fought.
Whether this passion from above was sent,
The fate of him Heav'n favours to prevent,
Or as the curse of fortune in excess;
That, stretching, would beyond its reach possess.
And, with a taste which plenty does deprave,
Loaths lawful good, and lawless ill does crave?

Zayd. But ye consider——

Nour. ——No, 'tis loss of time:
Think how to farther, and divert my crime.
My artful engines instantly I'll move:
And chuse the soft and gentlest hour of love.
The under provost of the fort is mine,
But see, Morat! I whisper my design.

Enter Morat *with* Arimant, *as talking: Attendants.*

Arim. And for that cause was not in publick seen:
But stays in prison with the captive Queen.

Mor. Let my attendants wait; I'll be alone:
Where least of state, there most of love is shown.

Nour. My ſon, your buſ'neſs is not hard to gueſs:
Long abſence makes you eager to poſſeſs.
I will not importune you by my ſtay;
She merits all the love which you can pay.

[To Morat.

[*Exit with Zayda.*

Re-enter Arimant *with* Meleſinda; *then exit* Arim.

Morat *runs to* Meleſinda, *and embraces her.*

Mor. Should I not chide you, that you choſe to ſtay,
In gloomy ſhades, and loſt a glorious day?
Loſt the firſt-fruits of joy you ſhould poſſeſs,
In my return, and made my triumph leſs?

Mel. Should I not chide, that you could ſtay and ſee,
Thoſe joys, preferring publick pomp to me?
Through my dark cell your ſhouts of triumph rung;
I heard with pleaſure; but I thought 'em long.

Mor. The publick will in triumphs rudely ſhare;
And kings the rudeneſs of their joys muſt bear:
But I made haſte to ſet my captive free;
And thought that work was only worthy me.
The fame of ancient matrons you purſue;
And ſtand a blameleſs pattern to the new.
I have not words to praiſe ſuch acts as theſe:
But take my heart and mould it as you pleaſe.

Mel. A trial of your kindneſs I muſt make,
Though not for mine ſo much as virtue's ſake.
The Queen of Caſſimeer.

Mor. ——No more, my love;
That only ſuit I beg you not to move.
That ſhe's in bonds for Aurenge-Zebe I know,
And ſhould, by my conſent, continue ſo.
The good old man, I fear, will pity ſhow.
My father doats, and let him ſtill doat on;
He buys his miſtreſs dearly with his throne.

Mel. See her, and then be cruel if you can.

Mor. 'Tis not with me as with a private man.

Such may be sway'd by honour, or by love;
But monarchs, only, by their interest move.

Mel. Heav'n does a tribute for your pow'r demand,
He leaves th' oppress and poor upon your hand.
And those who stewards of his pity prove,
He blesses, in return, with publick love.
In his distress some miracle is shown:
If exil'd, Heav'n restores him to his throne.
He needs no guard while any subject's near,
Nor, like his tyrant neighbours, lives in fear.
No plots th' alarm to his retirements give:
'Tis all mankind's concern that he should live.

Mor. You promis'd friendship in your low estate;
And should forget it in your better fate.
Such maxims are more plausible than true;
But somewhat must be giv'n to love and you.
I'll view this captive Queen, to let her see,
Pray'rs and complaints are lost on such as me.

Mel. I'll bear the news: Heav'n knows how much I'm pleas'd,
That, by my care, th' afflicted may be eas'd.

As she is going off, enter Indamora.

Ind. I'll spare your pains, and venture out alone,
Since you, fair Princess, my protection own.
But you, brave Prince, a harder task must find;

[To Mor. kneeling, who takes her up.

In saving me, you would but half be kind.
An humble suppliant at your feet I lie;
You have condemn'd my better part to die.
Without my Aurenge-Zebe I cannot live;
Revoke his doom, or else my sentence give.

Mel. If Melesinda in your love have part,
Which, to suspect, would break my tender heart.
If love, like mine, may for a lover plead,
By the chaste pleasures of our nuptial-bed.

By all the int'rests my past sufferings make,
And all I yet would suffer for your sake,
By you your self, the last and dearest tie———

Mor. You move in vain; for Aurenge-Zebe must die,

Ind. Could that decree from any brother come?
Nature her self is sentenc'd in your doom.
Piety is no more; she sees her place
Usurp'd by monsters, and a savage race.
From her soft eastern climes you drive her forth,
To the cold mansions of the utmost north.
How can our prophet suffer you to reign,
When he looks down and sees your brother slain?
Avenging furies will your life pursue:
Think there's a heav'n, Morat, though not for you.

Mel. Her words imprint a terror on my mind,
What if this death, which is for him design'd,
Had been your doom, (far be that augury!)
And you, not Aurenge-Zebe, condemn'd to die?
Weigh well the various turns of human fate,
And seek, by mercy, to secure your state.

Ind. Had Heav'n the crown for Aurenge-Zebe design'd,
Pity, for you, had pierc'd his generous mind.
Pity does with a noble nature suit:
A brother's life had suffer'd no dispute.
All things have right in life, our prophet's care,
Commands the beings ev'n of brutes to spare.
Though int'rest his restraint has justify'd,
Can life, and to a brother, be deny'd?

Mor. All reasons for his safety urg'd, are weak:
And yet methinks 'tis heav'n to hear you speak.

Mel. 'Tis part of your own being to invade———

Mor. Nay, if she fail to move, would you perswade?
[*Turning to Indamora.*
My brother does a glorious fate pursue,
I envy him, that he must fall for you.

He had been base had he releas'd his right.
For such an empire none but kings should fight.
If with a father he disputes this prize,
My wonder ceases when I see these eyes.

Mel. And can you then deny those eyes you praise?
Can beauty, wonder and not pity raise?

Mor. Your intercession now is needless grown:
Retire, and let me speak with her alone.

[*Melesinda retires, weeping, to the side of the theatre.*

Queen, that you may not fruitless tears employ,
[*Taking Indamora's hand.*
I bring you news to fill your heart with joy:
Your lover King of all the East shall reign:
For Aurenge-Zebe to-morrow shall be slain.

Ind. The hopes you rais'd, y'have blasted with a breath:
[*Starting back.*
With triumphs you began, but end with death.
Did you not say, my lover should be King?

Mor. I, in Morat, the best of lovers bring,
For one forsaken both of earth and heav'n.
Your kinder stars a nobler choice have given.
My father, while I please, a king appears:
His pow'r is more declining than his years.
An emperor and lover but in show:
But you, in me, have youth and fortune too.
As Heav'n did to your eyes and form divine,
Submit the fate of all the imperial line.
So was it order'd by its wise decree,
That you should find 'em all compris'd in me.

Ind. If, Sir, I seem not discompos'd with rage,
Feed not your fancy with a false presage.
Farther to press your courtship is but vain;
A cold refusal carries more disdain.
Unsettled virtue stormy may appear:
Honour, like mine, serenely is severe.

To scorn your person, and reject your crown,
Disorder not my face into a frown. [Turns from him.

Mor. Your fortune you should reverently have aid:
Such offers are not twice to be refus'd.
I go to Aureng-Zebe, and am in haste
For your commands, they're like to be the last.

Ind. Tell him,
With my own death I would his life redeem:
But, less than honour, both our lives esteem.

Mor. Have you no more?

Ind. What shall I do or say?
He must not in this fury go away.
Tell him, I did in vain his brother move,
And yet he falsly said he was in love.
Falsly; for had he truly lov'd, at least,
He would have giv'n one day to my request.
A little yielding may my love advance.

Mor. She darted from her eyes a side-long glance,
Just as she spoke; and, like her words it flew:
Seem'd not to beg, what yet she bid me do.
A brother, Madam, cannot give a day; [To her.
A servant, and who hopes to merit, may.

Mel. If, Sir——— [Coming to him.

Mor. No more—— set speeches, and a formal tale,
With none but statesmen and grave fools prevail.
Dry up your tears, and practise every grace,
That fits the pageant of your royal place. [Exit.

Mel. Madam, the strange reverse of fate you see:
I pity you, now you may pity me. [To Indamora. [Exit after him.

Ind. Poor Princess! thy hard fate I could bemoan,
Had I not nearer sorrows of my own.
Beauty is seldom fortunate, when great:
A vast estate, but over-charg'd with debt.
Like those whom want to baseness does betray:
I'm forc'd to flatter him I cannot pay.

O would he be content to seize the throne:
I beg the life of Aurenge-Zebe alone.
Whom Heav'n would bless, from pomp it will remove,
And make their wealth in privacy and love. [Exit.

ACT IV.

Aurenge-Zebe *solus.*

Distrust, and darkness of a future state,
Make poor mankind so fearful of their fate.
Death, in it self, is nothing; but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where.
[*Soft music.*
This is the ceremony of my fate:
A parting treat; and I'm to die in state.
They lodge me, as I were the Persian King:
And with luxurious pomp my death they bring.

To him Nourmahal.

Nour. I thought, before you drew your latest breath,
To smooth your passage, and to soften death:
For I would have you, when you upward move,
Speak kindly of me, to our friends above.
Nor name me there, th' occasion of your fate;
Or what my interest does, impute to hate.

Aur. I ask not for what end your pomp's design'd:
Whether t' insult, or to compose my mind:
I mark'd it not.
But, knowing death would soon th' assault begin,
Stood firm collected in my strength within.
To guard that breach, did all my forces guide,
And left unman'd the quiet sense side.

Nour. Because Morat from me his being took,
All I can say will much suspected look.

To scorn your person, and reject your crown,
Disorder not my face into a frown. [Turns from him.

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Make poor mankind so fearful of their fate.
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A parting treat; and I'm to die in state.
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And with luxurious pomp my death they bring.

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Speak kindly of me, to our friends above.
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Or what my interest does, impute to hate.

Aur. I ask not for what end your pomp's design'd;
Whether t'insult, or to compose my mind:
I mark'd it not.
But, knowing death would soon th'assault begin,
Stood firm collected in my strength within.
To guard that breach, did all my forces guide,
And left unman'd the quiet senses side.

Nour. Because Morat from me his being took,
All I can say will much suspected look.

'Tis little to confeſs your fate I grieve;
Yet more than you would eaſily believe.

Aur. Since my inevitable death you know,
You ſafely unavailing pity ſhow:
'Tis popular to mourn a dying foe.

Nour. You made my liberty your late requeſt:
Is no return due from a grateful breaſt?
I grow impatient, till I find ſome way,
Great offices, with greater, to repay.

Aur. When I conſider'd life, 'tis all a cheat:
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit.
Truſt on, and think to-morrow will repay:
To-morrow's falſer than the former day.
Lies worſe; and while it ſays, we ſhall be bleſt,
With ſome new joys, cuts off what we poſſeſt.
Strange cozenage! none would live paſt years again,
Yet all hope pleaſure in what remain.
And, from the dregs of life think to receive,
What the firſt ſprightly running could not give.
I'm tir'd with waiting for this chymick gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

Nour. 'Tis not for nothing that we life purſue;
It pays our hopes with ſomething ſtill that's new.
Each day's a miſtreſs, unenjoy'd before;
Like travellers, we're pleas'd with ſeeing more.
Did you but know what joys your way attend,
You would not hurry to your journey's end.

Aur. I need not haſte the end of life to meet;
The precipice is juſt beneath my feet.

Nour. Think not my ſenſe of virtue is ſo ſmall:
I'll rather leap down firſt, and break your fall.
My Aurenge-Zebe, (may I not call you ſo?)
[*Taking him by the hand.*
Behold me now no longer as your foe:
I am not, cannot be your enemy:
Look, is there any malice in my eye?

Pray Sir——— [*Both sit.*
That distance shews too much respect or fear:
You'll find no danger in approaching near.
Aur. Forgive th' amazement of my doubtful state:
This kindness from the mother of Morat.
Or is't some angel, pitying what I bore,
Who takes that shape, to make my wonder more?
Nour. Think me your better Genius in disguise;
Nor any thing that more may charm your eyes.
Your guardian angel never could excel,
In care, nor could he love his charge so well.
Aur. Whence can proceed so wonderful a change?
Nour. Can kindness to desert like yours be strange?
Kindness by secret sympathy is ty'd;
For noble souls in nature are ally'd.
I saw with what a brow you brav'd your fate;
Yet with what boldness bore your father's hate.
My virtue, like a string wound up by art,
To the same sound, when yours was touch'd, took part,
At distance shook, and trembled at my heart.
Aur. I'll not complain my father is unkind,
Since so much pity from a foe I find.
Just Heav'n reward this act.
Nour. 'Tis well the debt no payment does demand,
You turn me over to another hand.
But happy, happy she,
And with the bless'd above to be compar'd,
Whom you your self would, with your self, reward:
The greatest, nay, the fairest of her kind,
Would envy her that bliss which you design'd.
Aur. Great princes thus, when favourites they raise,
To justify their grace, their creatures praise.
Nour. As love the noblest passion we account,
So to the highest object it should mount.
It shews you brave, when mean desires you shun,
An eagle only can behold the sun.

And so must you; if yet, presage divine, ——
There be in dreams, or was't a vision mine?
Aur. Of me!
Nour. ——And who could else employ my thought?
I dream'd, your love was by love's goddess sought.
Officious Cupids hov'ring o'er your head,
Held myrtle wreaths: beneath your feet was spread
What sweets soe'er Sabean springs disclose,
Our Indian Jessmine, or the Syrian rose.
The wanton ministers around you strove,
For service, and inspir'd their mother's love:
Close by your side, and languishing, she lies,
With blushing cheeks, short breath and wishing eyes;
Upon your breast supinely lay her head,
While, on your face, her famish'd sight she fed.
Then, with a sigh, into these words she broke,
(And gather'd humid kisses as she spoke.)
Dull, and ungrateful! must I offer love?
Desir'd by gods, and envy'd ev'n by Jove:
And dost thou ignorance or fear pretend?
Mean soul! and dar'st not gloriously offend?
Then, pressing thus his hand——
Aur. I'll hear no more, [*Rising up.*
'Twas impious to have understood before.
And I, till now, endeavour'd to mistake,
Th' incestuous meaning which too plain you make.
Nour. And why this niceness to that pleasure shown,
Where nature sums up all her joys in one;
Gives all she can, and labouring still to give,
Makes it so great, we can but taste and live;
So fills the senses, that the soul seems fled,
And thought itself, does for the time, lie dead;
Till like a string, scru'd up with eager haste,
It breaks, and is too exquisite to last?
Aur. Heav'ns! can you this, without just vengeance hear?
When will you thunder, if it now be clear?

Yet her alone let not your thunder seize:
I, too, deserve to die, because I please.

Nour. Custom our native royalty does awe;
Promiscuous love is nature's general law:
For whosoever the first lovers were,
Brother and sister made the second pair,
And doubled by their love, their piety.

Aur. Hence, hence, and to some barbarous climate fly,
Which only brutes in human form does yield,
And man grows wild in nature's common field.
Who eat their parents, piety pretend;
Yet there, no sons their sacred bed ascend.
To vail great sins, a greater crime you chuse;
And, in your incest, your adultery lose.

Nour. In vain this haughty fury you have shown,
How I adore a soul so like my own!
You must be mine, that you may learn to live:
Know joys, which only she who loves can give.
Nor think that action you upbraid, so ill:
I am not chang'd; I love my husband still.
But love him as he was, when youthful grace,
And the first down began to shade his face.
That image does my virgin flames renew,
And all your father shines more bright in you.

Aur. In me a horror of my self you raise;
Curs'd by your love, and blasted by your praise.
You find new ways to prosecute my fate;
And your least guilty passion was your hate.

Nour. I beg my death, if you can love deny.

[*Offering him a dagger.*

Aur. I'll grant you nothing; no, not ev'n to die.

Nour. Know then, you are not half so kind as I.

[*Stamps with her foot.*

Enter Mutes, some with swords drawn, one with a cup.

You've chosen, and may now repent too late,
Behold th' effect of what you will'd, my hate.

This cup, a cure for both our ills has brought:
[*Taking the cup to preſent him.*
You need not fear a philtre in the draught.
Aur. All muſt be poiſon which can come from thee,
[*Receiving it from her.*
But this the leaſt t' immortal liberty.
This firſt I pour———like dying Socrates:
[*Spilling a little of it.*
Grim though he be, death pleaſes when he frees.
As he is going to drink, Enter Morat *attended.*

Mor. Make not ſuch haſte, you muſt my leiſure ſtay:
Your fate's deferr'd, you ſhall not die to day.
[*Taking the cup from him.*
Nour. What fooliſh pity has poſſeſs'd your mind,
To alter what your prudence once deſign'd?
Mor. What if I pleaſe to lengthen out his date,
A day, and take a pride to cozen fate?
Nour. 'Twill not be ſafe to let him live an hour.
Mor. I'll do't, to ſhew my arbitrary pow'r.
Nour. Fortune may take him from your hands again,
And you repent th' occaſion loſt in vain.
Mor. I ſmile at what your female fear foreſees:
I'm in fate's place, and dictate her decrees.
Let Arimant be call'd. [*Exit one of his Attendants.*
Aur. Give me the poiſon, and I'll end your ſtrife:
I hate to keep a poor precarious life.
Would I my ſafety on baſe terms receive,
Know, Sir, I could have liv'd without your leave.
But thoſe I could accuſe, I can forgive:
By my diſdainful ſilence, let 'em live.
Nour. What am I, that you dare to bind my hand?
[*To Morat.*
So low! I've not a murder at command!
Can you not one poor life to her afford,
Her, who gave up whole nations to your ſword?

And from th' abundance of whose soul and heat,
Th' o'erflowing serv'd to make your mind so great.

Mor. What did that greatness in a woman's mind?
Ill lodg'd, and weak to act what it design'd.
Pleasure's your portion, and your slothful ease:
When man's at leisure, study how to please.
Soften his angry hours with servile care,
And when he calls the ready feast prepare.
From wars, and from affairs of state abstain:
Women emasculate a monarch's reign.
And murmuring crowds who see 'em shine with gold,
That pomp, as their own ravish'd spoils behold.

Nour. Rage choaks my words: 'tis womanly to weep: [*Aside.*
In my swoll'n breast my close revenge I'll keep.
I'll watch his tend'rest part, and there strike deep. [*Exit.*

Aur. Your strange proceeding does my wonder move;
Yet seems not to express a brother's love.
Say to what cause my rescu'd life I owe.

Mor. If what you ask would please, you should not know.
But since that knowledge, more than death, will grieve.
Know, Indamora gain'd you this reprieve.

Aur. And whence had she the pow'r to work your change?

Mor. The pow'r of beauty is not new or strange.
Should she command me more, I could obey:
But her request was bounded with a day.
Take that: and, if you'll spare my farther crime,
Be kind, and grieve to death against your time.

Enter Arimant.

Remove this pris'ner to some safer place:
He has, for Indamora's sake, found grace.
And, from my mother's rage must guarded be,
Till you receive a new command from me.

Arim. Thus love, and fortune, perſecute me ſtill,
And make me ſlave to every rival's will. [*Aſide.*

Aur. How I diſdain a life, which I muſt buy,
With your contempt, and her inconſtancy.
For a few hours, my whole content I pay;
You ſhall not force on me another day.

[*Exit with Arimant.*

Enter Melesinda.

Mel. I have been ſeeking you this hour's long ſpace,
And fear'd to find you in another place.
But, ſince you're here, my jealouſy grows leſs:
You will be kind to my unworthineſs.
What muſt I ſay, I love to that degree,
Each glance another way is robb'd from me.
Abſence, and priſons I could bear again;
But ſlight, and die, beneath your leaſt diſdain.

Mor. Why do you give your mind this needleſs care,
And, for your ſelf, and me, new pains prepare?
I ne'er approv'd this paſſion in excels:
If you would ſhew your love, diſtruſt me leſs.
I hate to be purſu'd from place to place:
Meet, at each turn, a ſtale domeſtick face.
Th'approach of jealouſy, love cannot bear;
He's wild, and ſoon on wing, if watchful eyes come near.

Mel. From your lov'd preſence, how can I depart?
My eyes purſue the object of my heart.

Mor. You talk as if it were our bridal night:
Fondneſs is ſtill th' effect of new delight.
And marriage but the pleaſure of a day:
The metal's baſe, the gilding worn away.

Mel. I fear I'm guilty of ſome great offence,
And that has bred this cold indifference.

Mor. The greateſt in the world to fleſh and blood:
You fondly love much longer than you mou'd.

Mel. If that be all which makes your diſcontent,
Of ſuch a crime I never can repent.

Mor. Would you force love upon me, which I shun?
And bring coarse fare when appetite is gone?

Mel. Why did I not in prison die, before
My fatal freedom made me suffer more?
I had been pleas'd to think I dy'd for you,
And doubly pleas'd, because you then were true.
Then I had hope, but now, alas, have none.

Mor. You say you love me; let that love be shown.
'Tis in your power to make my happiness.

Mel. Speak quickly: to command me is to bless.

Mor. To Indamora you my suit must move:
You'll sure speak kindly of the man you love.

Mel. Oh! let me rather perish by your hand
Than break my heart by this unkind command.
Think 'tis the only one I could deny;
And that 'tis harder to refuse than die.
Try, if you please, my rival's heart to win:
I'll bear the pain, but not promote the sin.
You own whate'er perfections man can boast,
And if she view you with my eyes, she's lost.

Mor. Here I renounce all love, all nuptial ties:
Henceforward live a stranger to my eyes:
When I appear, see you avoid the place,
And haunt me not with that unlucky face.

Mel. Hard as it is, I this command obey,
And haste, while I have life to go away.
In pity, stay some hours, till I am dead,
That blameless you may court my rival's bed.
My hated face I'll not presume to show;
Yet I may watch your steps wherever you go.
Unseen, I'll gaze, and with my latest breath. [*Weeping.*
Bless, while I die, the author of my death.

Enter Emperor.

Emp. When your triumphant fortune high appears,
What cause can draw these unbecoming tears?

Let chearfulneſs on happy fortune wait,
And give not thus the counter-time to fate.

Mel. Fortune long frown'd, and has but lately ſmil'd:
I doubt a foe ſo newly reconcil'd.
You ſaw but ſorrow in its waining form,
A working ſea, remaining from a ſtorm.
When the now weary waves rowl o'er the deep,
And faintly murmur e'er they fall aſleep.

Emp. Your inward griefs you ſmother in your mind;
But fame's loud voice proclaims your lord unkind.

Mor. Let fame be buſy where ſhe has to do:
Tell of fought fields, and every pompous ſhow.
Thoſe tales are fit to fill the people's ears:
Monarchs unqueſtion'd move in higher ſpheres.

Mel. Believe not rumour, but your ſelf; and ſee
The kindneſs 'twixt my plighted lord and me.
[*Kiſſing Morat.*
This is our ſtate; thus happily we live;
Theſe are the quarrels which we take and give.
Aſide to Mor.] I had no other way to force a kiſs,
Forgive my laſt farewel to you and bliſs. [*Exit.*

Emp. Your haughty carriage ſhews too much of ſcorn,
And love, like hers, deſerves not that return.

Mor. You'll pleaſe to leave me judge of what I do,
And not examine by the outward ſhow.
Your uſage of my mother might be good:
I judge it not.

Emp. ——Nor was it fit you ſhou'd.

Mor. Then in as equal ballance weigh my deeds.

Emp. My right, and my authority, exceeds.
Suppoſe (what I'll not grant) injuſtice done;
Is judging me the duty of a ſon?

Mor. Not of a ſon, but of an emperor:
You cancell'd duty when you gave me pow'r.
If your own actions on your will you ground,
Mine ſhall hereafter know no other bound.

What meant you when you call'd me to a throne?
Was it to pleaſe me with a name alone?
Emp. 'Twas that I thought your gratitude would know,
What to my partial kindneſs you did owe:
That what your birth did to your claim deny,
Your merit of obedience might ſupply.
Mor. To your own thoughts ſuch hopes you might propoſe;
But I took empire not on terms like thoſe.
Of bus'neſs you complain'd, now take your eaſe:
Enjoy whate'er decrepid age can pleaſe:
Eat, ſleep, and tell long tales of what you were
In flow'r of youth, if any one will hear.
Emp. Pow'r, like new wine, does your weak brain ſurprize,
And its mad fumes, in hot diſcourſes, riſe;
But time theſe giddy vapours will remove:
Mean while I'll taſte the ſober joys of love.
Mor. You cannot love, nor pleaſures take, or give;
But life begin, when 'tis too late to live.
On a tir'd courſer you purſue delight,
Let ſlip your morning, and ſet out at night.
If you have liv'd, take thankfully the paſt:
Make, as you can, the ſweet remembrance laſt.
If you have not enjoy'd what youth could give,
But life ſunk through you like a leaky ſieve.
Accuſe your ſelf you liv'd not while you might;
But, in the captive Queen reſign your right.
I've now reſolv'd to fill your uſeleſs place;
I'll take that poſt to cover your diſgrace,
And love her for the honour of my race.
Emp. Thou doſt but try how far I can forbear,
Nor art that monſter which thou would'ſt appear.
But do not wantonly my paſſion move;
I pardon nothing that relates to love.

My fury does like jealous forts, purſue,
With death, ev'n ſtrangers, who but come to view.

Mor. I did not only view, but will invade:
Could you ſhed venom from your reverend ſhade.
Like trees, beneath whoſe arms 'tis death to ſleep:
Did rowling thunder your fenc'd fortreſs keep,
Thence would I ſnatch my Semele, like Jove,
And midſt the dreadful wrack enjoy my love.

Emp. Have I for this, ungrateful as thou art,
When right, when nature, ſtruggl'd in my heart,
When Heav'n call'd on me for thy brother's claim,
Broke all, and ſully'd my unſpotted fame?
Wert thou to empire by my baſeneſs brought,
And wouldſt thou raviſh what ſo dear I bought?
Dear! for my conſcience and its peace I gave:
Why was my reaſon made my paſſions ſlave?
I ſee Heav'n's juſtice; thus the Pow'rs Divine
Pay crimes with crimes, and puniſh mine by thine.

Mor. Crimes let them pay, and puniſh as they pleaſe;
What pow'r makes mine, by pow'r I mean to ſeize.
Since 'tis to that they their own greatneſs owe
Above, why ſhould they queſtion mine below? [*Exit.*

Emp. Prudence, thou vainly in our youth art ſought,
And with age purchas'd art too dearly bought.
We're paſt the uſe of wit, for which we toil;
Late fruit, and planted in too cold a ſoil.
My ſtock of fame is laviſh'd and decay'd;
No profit of the vaſt profuſion made.
Too late my folly I repent; I know
My Aurenge-Zebe would ne'er have us'd me ſo.
But, by his ruin I prepar'd my own;
And, like a naked tree, my ſhelter gone,
To winds and winter-ſtorms muſt ſtand expos'd alone.
[*Exit.*

Aurenge-Zebe, Arimant.

Arim. Give me not thanks, which I will ne'er deſerve;
But know, 'tis for a nobler price I ſerve.
By Indamora's will you're hither brought:
All my reward in her command I ſought.
The reſt your letters tell you——See, like light,
She comes, and I muſt vaniſh, like the night. [*Exit.*

Enter Indamora.

Ind. 'Tis now that I begin to live again:
Heav'ns, I forgive you all my fear and pain,
Since I behold my Aurenge-Zebe appear,
I could not buy him at a price too dear.
His name alone afforded me relief,
Repeated as a charm to cure my grief.
I that lov'd name did, as ſome god, invoke,
And printed kiſſes on it while I ſpoke.

Aur. Short eaſe: but long, long pains from you I find,
Health to my eyes, but poiſon to my mind.
Why are you made ſo excellently fair?
So much above what other beauties are,
That, ev'n in curſing, you new form my breath,
And make me bleſs thoſe eyes, which give me death?

Ind. What reaſon for your curſes can you find?
My eyes your conqueſt, not your death deſign'd,
If they offend, 'tis that they are too kind.

Aur. The ruins they have wrought you will not ſee:
Too kind they are, indeed, but not to me.

Ind. Think you baſe intereſt, ſouls, like mine, can ſway?
Or that, for greatneſs, I can love betray:
No, Aurenge-Zebe, you merit all my heart,
And I'm too noble but to give a part.
Your father, and an empire! am I known
No more? or have ſo weak a judgment ſhown,
In chuſing you, to change you for a throne?

Aur. How, with a truth, who would a falſhood blind?
'Tis not my father's love you have deſign'd;
Your choice is fix'd where youth and pow'r are join'd.

Ind. Where youth and pow'r are join'd! has he a name?

Aur. You would be told; you glory in your ſhame;
There's muſick in the ſound; and to provoke
Your pleaſure more, by me it muſt be ſpoke.
Then, then it raviſhes, when your pleas'd ear,
The ſound does from a wretched rival hear.
Morat's the name your heart leaps up to meet,
While Aurenge-Zebe lies dying at your feet.

Ind. Who told you this?

Aur. ——— Are you ſo loſt to ſhame?
Morat, Morat, Morat: you love the name.
So well, your ev'ry queſtion ends in that;
You force me ſtill to anſwer you, Morat.
Morat, who beſt could tell what you reveal'd;
Morat, too proud to keep his joy conceal'd.

Ind. Howe'er unjuſt your jealouſy appear,
It ſhews, the loſs of what you love, you fear.
And does my pity, not my anger move:
I'll fond it, as the froward child of love.
To ſhew the truth of my unalter'd breaſt,
Know, that your life was giv'n at my requeſt:
At leaſt repriev'd. When Heav'n deny'd you aid,
She brought it, ſhe, whoſe falſhood you upbraid.

Aur. And 'tis by that you would your falſhood hide,
Had you not aſk'd, how happy had I dy'd!
Accurſt reprieve! not to prolong my breath,
It brought a lingring, and more painful death.
I have not liv'd ſince firſt I heard the news;
The gift the guilty giver does accuſe.
You knew the price, and the requeſt did move,
That you might pay the ranſom with your love.

Ind. Your accuſation muſt, I ſee, take place;
And I am guilty, infamous, and baſe!
Aur. If you are falſe, thoſe epithets are ſmall;
You're then the things, the abſtract of 'em all.
And you are falſe: you promis'd him your love,
No other price a heart ſo hard could move.
Do not I know him? could his brutal mind
Be wrought upon? could he be juſt, or kind?
Inſultingly, he made your love his boaſt;
Gave me my life, and told me what it coſt.
Speak; anſwer, I would fain yet think you true;
Lie; and I'll not believe my ſelf, but you.
Tell me you love; I'll pardon the deceit,
And, to be fool'd, my ſelf aſſiſt the cheat.
Ind. No; 'tis too late: I have no more to ſay,
If you'll believe I have been falſe, you may.
Aur. I would not; but your crimes too plain appear:
Nay, even that I ſhould think you true, you fear.
Did I not tell you, I would be deceiv'd?
Ind. I'm not concern'd to have my truth believ'd.
You would be cozen'd! would aſſiſt the cheat!
But I'm too plain to join in the deceit:
I'm pleas'd you think me falſe——
And, whatſoe'er my letter did pretend,
I made this meeting for no other end.
Aur. Kill me not quite, with this indifference:
When you are guiltleſs, boaſt not an offence.
I know you better than your ſelf you know:
Your heart was true, but did ſome frailty ſhow:
You promis'd him your love, that I might live;
But promis'd what you never meant to give.
Speak, was't not ſo? confeſs; I can forgive.
Ind. Forgive, what dull excuſes you prepare!
As if your thoughts of me were worth my care.
Aur. A traitreſs! ah ingrate! ah faithleſs mind!
Ah ſex, invented firſt to damn mankind!

Nature took care to dreſs you up for ſin:
Adorn'd without, unfiniſh'd left within.
Hence, by no judgment you your loves direct;
Talk much, ne'er think, and ſtill the wrong effect.
So much ſelf-love in your compoſures mix'd,
That love to others ſtill remain unfix'd.
Greatneſs, and noiſe, and ſhow, are your delight;
Yet wiſe men love in their own deſpight;
And, finding in their native wit no eaſe,
Are forc'd to put your folly on to pleaſe.

Ind. Now you ſhall know what cauſe you have to rage;
But to increaſe your fury, not aſſwage:
I found the way your brother's heart to move,
Yet promis'd not the leaſt return of love.
His pride, and brutal fierceneſs I abhor;
But ſcorn your mean ſuſpicions of me more.
I ow'd my honour and my fame this care:
Know what your folly loſt you, and deſpair.

[*Turning from him.*

Aur. Too cruelly your innocence you tell.
Show heav'n, and damn me to the pit of hell.
Now I believe you; 'tis not yet too late:
You may forgive, and put a ſtop to fate.
Save, juſt ſinking, and no more to riſe.

[*She frowns.*

How can you look with ſuch relentleſs eyes?
Or let your mind by penitence be mov'd,
Or I'm reſolv'd to think you never lov'd.
You are not clear'd unleſs you mercy ſpeak:
I'll think you took th' occaſion thus to break.

Ind. Small jealouſies, 'tis true, inflame deſire,
Too great, not fan, but quite blow out the fire.
Yet I did love you, till ſuch pains I bore,
That I dare truſt my ſelf, and you no more.
Let me not love you; but here end my pain:
Diſtruſt may make me wretched once again.

Now, with full ſails, into the port I move,
And ſafely can unlade my breaſt of love:
Quiet and calm: why ſhould I then go back,
To tempt the ſecond hazard of a wrack?

Aur. Behold theſe dying eyes, ſee their ſubmiſſive awe:
Theſe tears, which fear of death could never draw:
Heard you that ſigh? from my heav'd heart it paſt,
And ſaid, if you forgive not, 'tis my laſt.
Love mounts, and rowls about my ſtormy mind,
Like fire, that's born by a tempeſtuous wind.
Oh, I could ſtifle you with eager haſte!
Devour your kiſſes with my hungry taſte!
Ruſh on you! eat you! wander o'er each part,
Raving with pleaſure, ſnatch you to my heart?
Then hold you off, and gaze! then, with new rage
Invade you, till my conſcious limbs preſage
Torrents of joy, which all their banks o'erflow!
So loſt, ſo bleſt, as I, but then could know!

Ind. Be no more jealous. [*Giving him her hand.*

Aur. ——— Give me cauſe no more:
The danger's greater after, than before.
If I relapſe, to cure my jealouſy
Let me (for that's the eaſieſt parting) die.

Ind. My life!

Aur. ——— My ſoul!

Ind. ——— My all that Heav'n can give!
Death's life with you: without you, death to live.

To them Arimant *haſtily.*

Arim. Oh, we are loſt, beyond all human aid!
The citadel is to Morat betray'd.
The traitor and the treaſon know too late;
The falſe Abas deliver'd up the gate:
Ev'n, while I ſpeak, we're compaſs'd round with fate.
The valiant cannot fight, or coward flie;
But both in undiſtinguiſh'd crowds muſt die.

Aur. Then my prophetick fears are come to paſs:
Morat was always bloody; now he's baſe:
And has ſo far in uſurpation gone,
He will by parricide ſecure the throne.

To them the Emperor.

Emp. Am I forſaken, and betray'd, by all?
Not one brave man dare, with a Monarch, fall?
Then, welcome death, to cover my di grace;
I would not live to reign o'er ſuch a race.
My Aurenge-Zebe! [*Seeing Aurenge-Zebe.*
But thou no more art mine; my cruelty
Has quite deſtroy'd the right I had in thee.
I have been baſe,
Baſe, ev'n to him from whom I did receive,
All that a ſon could to a parent give.
Behold me puniſh'd in the ſelf-ſame kind,
Th' ungrateful does a more ungrateful find.

Aur. Accuſe yourſelf no more; you could not be
Ungrateful: could permit no crime to me.
I only mourn my yet uncancel'd ſcore:
You put me paſt the pow'r of paying more.
That, that's my grief, that I can only grieve,
And bring but pity, where I would relieve.
For had I yet ten thouſand lives to pay,
The mighty ſum ſhould go no other way.

Emp. Can you forgive me, 'tis not fit you ſhou'd.
Why will you be ſo excellently good?
'Twill ſtick too black a brand upon my name:
The ſword is needleſs; I ſhall die with ſhame.
What had my age to do with love's delight,
Shut out from all enjoyments but the ſight?

Arim. Sir, you forget the danger's imminent:
This minute is not for excuſes lent.

Emp. Diſturb me not———
How can my lateſt hours be better ſpent?

To reconcile my ſelf to him is more,
Than to regain all I poſſeſs'd before.
Empire and life are now not worth a pray'r:
His love alone, deſerves my dying care.

Aur. Fighting for you, my death will glorious be.

Ind. Seek to preſerve yourſelf, and live for me.

Arim. Loſe then no farther time.
Heav'n has inſpir'd me with a ſudden thought,
Whence your unhop'd for ſafety may be wrought,
Though with the hazard of my blood 'tis bought.
But, ſince my life can ne'er be fortunate,
'Tis ſo much ſorrow well redeem'd from fate.
You, Madam, muſt retire;
Your beauty is its own ſecurity;
And leave the conduct of the reſt to me.
Glory will crown my life, if I ſucceed;
If not, ſhe may afford to love me dead. [*Aſide.*

Aur. My father's kind, and, Madam, you forgive:
Were Heav'n ſo pleas'd, I now could wiſh to live.
And, I ſhall live.
With glory, and with love, at once I burn:
I feel th' inſpiring heat, and abſent god return.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Indamora *alone.*

THE night ſeems doubl'd with the fear ſhe brings,
And o'er the citadel new ſpreads her wings.
The morning, as miſtaken, turns about,
And all her early fires again go out.
Shouts, cries, and groans firſt pierce my ears, and then
A flaſh of lightning draws the guilty ſcene,
And ſhews me arms, and wounds, and dying men.

Ah, ſhould my Aurenge-Zebe be fighting there,
And envious winds diſtinguiſh'd to my ear,
His dying groans, and his laſt accents bear.

To her Morat *attended.*

Mor. The bloody buſ'neſs of the night is done,
And, in the citadel, an empire won.
Our ſwords ſo wholly did the fates employ,
That they, at length, grew weary to deſtroy:
Refus'd the work we brought; and, out of breath,
Made ſorrow and deſpair attend for death.
But what of all my conqueſt can I boaſt?
My haughty pride, before your eyes, is loſt:
And victory but gains me to preſent,
That homage which our eaſtern world has ſent.

Ind. Your victory, alas, begets my fears:
Can you not then triumph without my tears?
Reſolve me; (for you know my deſtiny
In Aurenge-Zebe's) ſay, do I live or die?

Mor. Urg'd by my love, by hope of empire fir'd:
'Tis true, I have perform'd what both requir'd.
What fate decreed, for when great ſouls are giv'n,
They bear the marks of ſov'reignty from Heav'n.
My elder brothers my fore-runners came;
Rough draughts of nature, ill deſign'd and lame.
Blown off, like bloſſoms, never made to bear;
Till I came, finiſh'd; her laſt labour'd care.

Ind. This prologue leads to your ſucceeding ſin:
Blood ended what ambition did begin.

Mor. 'Twas rumour'd, but by whom I cannot tell,
My father 'ſcap'd from out the citadel.
My brother too may live.

Ind. ——He may.

Mor. ——He muſt:
I kill'd him not, and a leſs fate's unjuſt.

Heav'n owes it me, that I may fill his room;
A Phoenix lover, riſing from his tomb.
In whom you'll loſe your ſorrows for the dead;
More warm, more fierce, and fitter for your bed.

Ind. Should I from Aurenge-Zebe my heart divide,
To love a monſter and a parricide?
Theſe names your ſwelling titles cannot hide.
Severe decrees may keep our tongues in awe:
But to our thoughts, what edict can give law?
Ev'n you your ſelf, to your own breaſt, ſhall tell
Your crimes: and your own conſcience be your hell.

Mor. What bus'neſs has my conſcience with a crown?
She ſinks in pleaſures, and in bowls will drown.
If mirth ſhould fail, I'll buſy her with cares:
Silence her clamorous voice with louder wars:
Trumpets and drums ſhall fright her from the throne,
As ſounding cymbals aid the lab'ring moon.

Ind. Repell'd by theſe, more eager ſhe will grow;
Spring back more ſtrongly than a Scythian bow:
Amidſt your train, this unſeen judge will wait;
Examine how you came by all your ſtate.
Upbraid your impious pomp; and in your ear,
Will hollow, rebel, tyrant, murderer.
Your ill-got pow'r, wan looks and care ſhall bring:
Known but by diſcontent to be a king.
Of crowds afraid, yet anxious when alone;
You'll ſit and brood your ſorrows on a throne.

Mor. Birth-right's a vulgar road to kingly ſway;
'Tis every dull-got elder brother's way.
Dropt from above, he lights into a throne;
Grows of a piece with that he ſits upon,
Heav'n's choice, a low, inglorious, rightful drone.
But who by force a ſceptre does obtain,
Shows he can govern that which he could gain.
Right comes of courſe, whate'er he was before;
Murder and uſurpation are no more.

Ind. By your own laws you such dominion make;
As ev'ry ſtronger pow'r has right to take.
And parricide will ſo deform your name,
That diſpoſſeſſing you will give a claim.
Who next uſurps, will a juſt prince appear;
So much your ruin will his reign endear.

Mor. I without guilt would mount the royal ſeat;
But yet 'tis neceſſary to be great.

Ind. All greatneſs is in virtue underſtood:
'Tis only neceſſary to be good.
Tell me, what is't at which great ſpirits aim,
What moſt your ſelf deſire?

Mor. ——— Renown, and fame,
And pow'r, as uncontroul'd as is my will.

Ind. How you confound deſires of good and ill!
For true renown is ſtill with virtue join'd.
But luſt of pow'r lets looſe the unbridl'd mind.
Yours is a ſoul irregularly great,
Which wanting temper, yet abounds with heat:
So ſtrong, yet ſo unequal pulſes beat.
As ſun which does through vapours dimly ſhine:
What pity 'tis you are not all divine!
New molded, thorough lighten'd, and a breaſt
So pure, to bear the laſt ſevereſt teſt.
Fit to command an empire you ſhould gain
By virtue, and without a bluſh to reign.

Mor. You ſhow me ſomewhat I ne'er learnt before;
But 'tis the diſtant proſpect of a ſhore,
Doubtful in miſts; which, like enchanted ground,
Flies from my ſight, before 'tis fully found.

Ind. Dare to be great, without a guilty crown;
View it, and lay the bright temptation down.
'Tis baſe to ſeize on all, becauſe you may;
That's empire, that which I can give away.
There's joy when to wild will you laws preſcribe,
When you bid fortune carry back her bride.

A joy, which none but greateſt minds can taſte;
A fame which will to endleſs ages laſt.

Mor. Renown, and fame, in vain I courted long;
And ſtill purſu'd 'em though directed wrong.
In hazard, and in toils, I heard they lay;
Sail'd farther than the coaſt, but miſs'd my way:
Now you have given me virtue for my guide;
And, with true honour ballaſted my pride.
Unjuſt dominion I no more purſue;
I quit all other claims but thoſe to you.

Ind. Oh be not juſt to halves! pay all you owe:
Think there's a debt to Meleſinda too.
To leave no blemiſh on your after-life;
Reward the virtue of a ſuff'ring wife.

Mor. To love once paſt, I cannot backward move;
Call yeſterday again, and I may love.
'Twas not for nothing I the crown reſign'd;
I ſtill muſt own a mercenary mind:
I in this venture, double gains purſue,
And laid out all my ſtock to purchaſe you.

To them Aſaph Chan.

Now, what ſucceſs? does Aurenge-Zebe yet live?

Aſaph. Fortune has giv'n you all that ſhe can give,
Your brother——

Mor. ——Hold; thou ſhew'ſt an impious joy,
And think'ſt I ſtill take pleaſure to deſtroy:
Know, I am chang'd, and would not have him ſlain.

Aſaph. 'Tis paſt; and you deſire his life in vain.
He, prodigal of ſoul, ruſh'd on the ſtroke
Of lifted weapons, and did wounds provoke.
In ſcorn of night he would not be conceal'd;
His ſoldiers where he fought his name reveal'd.
In thickeſt crowds ſtill Aurenge-Zebe did ſound:
The vaulted roofs did Aurenge-Zebe rebound,
Till late, and in his fall, the name was drown'd.

Ind. Wither that hand which brought him to his fate,
And blasted be the tongue which did relate.

Asaph. His body———

Mor. ———Cease to inhanse her misery:
Pity the Queen, and show respect to me.
'Tis every painter's art to hide from sight,
And cast in shades, what seen would not delight.
Your grief, in me such sympathy has bred, [*To her.*
I mourn; and wish I could recal the dead.
Love softens me; and blows up fires, which pass
Through my tough heart, and melt the stubborn mass.

Ind. Break heart; or choak, with sobs, my hated breath;
Do thy own work: admit no foreign death.
Alas! why do I make this useless moan?
I'm dead already, for my soul is gone.

To them Mir Baba.

Mir. What tongue the terror of this night can tell,
Within, without, and round the citadel!
A new form'd faction does your pow'r oppose;
The fight's confus'd, and all who meet are foes.
A second clamour from the town we hear;
And the far noise so loud, it drowns the near.
Abas, who seem'd our friend, is either fled;
Or, what we fear, our enemies does head.
Your frighted soldiers scarce their ground maintain.

Mor. I thank their fury; we shall fight again:
They rouze my rage; I'm eager to subdue:
'Tis fatal to with-hold my eyes from you.

[*Exit with the two* Omrahs.

Enter Melesinda.

Mel. Can misery no place of safety know?
The noise pursues me wheresoe'er I go;
As fate sought only me, and where I fled,
Aim'd all its darts at my devoted head.
And let it; I am now past care of life;
The last of women; an abandon'd wife.

Ind. Whether deſign or chance has brought you here,
I ſtand oblig'd to fortune or to fear.
Weak women ſhould, in danger, herd like deer.
But ſay, from whence this new combuſtion ſprings?
Are there yet more Morat's? more fighting kings?

Mel. Him from his mother's love your eyes divide,
And now her arms the cruel ſtrife decide.

Ind. What ſtrange misfortunes my vex'd life attend?
Death will be kind and all my ſorrows end.
If Nourmahal prevail, I know my fate.

Mel. I pity, as my own, your hard eſtate;
But what can my weak charity afford?
I have no longer int'reſt in my lord:
Nor in his mother, he: ſhe owns her hate
Aloud, and would her ſelf uſurp the ſtate.

Ind. I'm ſtupify'd with ſorrow, paſt relief
Of tears, parch'd up, and wither'd with my grief.

Mel. Dry mourning will decays more deadly bring,
As a north wind burns a too forward ſpring.
Give ſorrow vent, and let the ſluces go.

Ind. My tears are all congeal'd, and will not flow.

Mel. Have comfort; yield not to the blows of fate.

Ind. Comfort, like cordials after death, comes late.
Name not ſo vain a word; my hopes are fled:
Think your Morat were kind, and think him dead.

Mel. I can no more———
Can no more arguments for comfort find:
Your boding words have quite o'erwhelm'd my mind.

[*Clattering of weapons within.*

Ind. The noiſe increaſes as the billows roar,
When rolling from afar, they threat the ſhore.
She comes; and feeble nature now I find
Shrinks back in danger, and forſakes my mind.
I wiſh to die, yet dare not death endure;
Deteſt the med'cine, yet deſire the cure:

I would have death; but mild, and at command:
I dare not truſt him in another's hand.
In Nourmahal's, he would not mine appear!
But arm'd with terror, and diſguis'd with fear.

Mel. Beyond this place you can have no retreat:
Stay here, and I the danger will repeat.
I fear not death, becauſe my life I hate:
And envious death will ſhun th' unfortunate.

Ind. You muſt not venture.

Mel. Let me: I may do
My ſelf a kindneſs in obliging you.
In your lov'd name I'll ſeek my angry lord;
And beg your ſafety from his conqu'ring ſword:
So his protection all your fears will eaſe,
And I ſhall ſee him once, and not diſpleaſe. [*Exit.*

Ind. O wretched Queen! what pow'r thy life can ſave?
A ſtranger, and unfriended, and a ſlave!

Enter Nourmahal, Zayda, *and* Abas, *with Soldiers.*
Alas, ſhe's here!

[*Indamora withdraws to the inward part of the ſcene.*

Nour. Heartleſs they fought, and quitted ſoon their ground,
While ours with eaſy victory were crown'd.
To you, Abas, my life and empire too,
And, what's yet dearer, my revenge, I owe.

Abas. The vain Morat by his own raſhneſs wrought,
Too ſoon diſcover'd his ambitious thought.
Believ'd me his, becauſe I ſpoke him fair,
And pitch'd his head into the ready ſnare.
Hence 'twas I did his troops at firſt admit;
But ſuch, whoſe numbers could no fears beget,
By them the Emperor's party firſt I ſlew,
Then turn'd my arms the victors to ſubdue.

Nour. Now let the head-ſtrong boy my will controul:
Virtue's no ſlave of man; no ſex confines the ſoul:

I, for my ſelf, th' imperial ſeat will gain,
And he ſhall wait my leiſure for his reign.
But Aurenge-Zebe is no where to be found.
And now perhaps in death's cold arms he lies:
I fought, and conquer'd, yet have loſt the prize.

Zayd. The chance of war determin'd well the ſtriſe,
That rack'd you, 'twixt the lover and the wife.
He's dead, whoſe love has fully'd all your reign,
And made you Empreſs of the world in vain.

Nour. No; I my pow'r and pleaſure would divide:
The drudge had quench'd my flames, and then had dy'd.
I rage, to think without that bliſs I live;
That I could wiſh what fortune would not give;
But, what love cannot, vengeance muſt ſupply;
She, who bereav'd me of his heart, ſhall die.

Zayd. I'll ſearch, for diſtant hence ſhe cannot be.
[*Going in.*

Nour. This wondrous maſter-piece I fain would ſee;
This fatal Helen who can wars inſpire,
Make kings her ſlaves, and ſet the world on fire.
My huſband lock'd his jewel from my view:
Or durſt not ſet the falſe one by the true.

Re-enter Zayda *leading* Indamora.

Zayd. Your frighted captive, e're ſhe dies, receive;
Her ſoul's juſt going elſe, without your leave.

Nour. A fairer creature did my eyes ne'er ſee!
Sure ſhe was form'd by Heav'n in ſpite to me!
Some angel copy'd, while I ſlept, each grace,
And molded ev'ry feature from my face.
Such majeſty does from her forehead riſe,
Her cheeks ſuch bluſhes caſt, ſuch rays her eyes,
Nor I, nor envy, can a blemiſh find.
The palace is, without, too well deſign'd:
Conduct me in, for I will view thy mind.
Speak, if thou haſt a ſoul, that I may ſee. [*To her.*

Ind. My tears and miſeries muſt plead my cauſe:
[*Kneeling.*
My words the terror of your preſence awes:
Mortals, in ſight of angels, mute become;
The nobler nature ſtrikes th' inferior dumb.

Nour. The palm is, by the foes confeſſion, mine;
But I diſdain, what baſely you reſign.
Heav'n did, by me, the outward model build:
Its inward work, the ſoul, with rubbiſh fill'd.
Yet, Oh! th' imperfect piece moves more delight;
'Tis gilded o'er with youth, to catch the ſight.
The Gods have poorly robb'd my virgin bloom,
And what I am, by what I was, o'ercome.
Traitreſs, reſtore my beauty and my charms,
Nor ſteal my conqueſts with my proper arms.

Ind. What have I done, thus to inflame your hate?
I am not guilty, but unfortunate.

Nour. Not guilty, when thy looks my pow'r betray,
Seduce mankind, my ſubject, from my ſway,
Take all my hearts and all my eyes away?
My huſband firſt, but that I could forgive:
He only mov'd and talk'd, but did not live.
My Aurenge-Zebe, for I dare own the name,
The glorious ſin, and the more glorious flame.
Him, from my beauty, have thy eyes miſled,
And ſtarv'd the joys of my expected bed.

Ind. His love ſo ſought, he's happy that he's dead.
O had I courage but to meet my fate;
That ſhort dark paſſage to a future ſtate:
That melancholy riddle of a breath.

Nour. That ſomething, or that nothing, after death:
Take this, and teach thy ſelf. [*Giving a dagger.*

Ind. Alas!

Nour. ——Why doſt thou ſhake?
Diſhonour not the vengeance I deſign'd:
A Queen, and own a baſe Plebeian mind!

Let it drink deep in thy moſt vital part:
Strike home, and do me reaſon in thy heart.

Ind. I dare not.

Nour. Do't, while I ſtand by and ſee,
At my full guſt, without the drudgery.
I love a foe, who dares my ſtroke prevent,
Who gives me the full ſcene of my content;
Shows me the flying ſoul's convulſive ſtrife,
And all the anguiſh of departing life.
Diſdain my mercy, and my rage defy;
Curſe me with thy laſt breath; and make me ſee
A ſpirit worthy to have rival'd me.

Ind. Oh, I deſire to die, but dare not yet:
Give me ſome reſpite, I'll diſcharge the debt.
Without my Aurenge-Zebe I would not live.

Nour. Thine, traitreſs! thine! that word has wing'd thy fate,
And put me paſt the tedious forms of hate.
I'll kill thee with ſuch eagerneſs and haſte,
As friends, let looſe, would lay all nature waſte.

[*Indamora runs back, as Nourmahal is running to her, claſhing of ſwords is heard within.*

Sold. Yield, y're o'erpower'd: reſiſtance is in vain.

[*Within.*

Mor. Then death's my choice: ſubmiſſion I diſdain.

[*Within.*

Nour. Retire, you ſlaves: ah whither does he run

[*At the door.*

On pointed ſwords? diſarm, but ſave my ſon.

Enter Morat *ſtaggering, and upheld by Soldiers.*

Mor. She lives! and I ſhall ſee her once again!
I have not thrown away my life in vain.

[*Catches hold of Indamora's gown, and falls by her, ſhe ſits.*

I can no more; yet, ev'n in death, I find
My fainting body byaſs'd by my mind.

I fall toward you, ſtill my contending ſoul
Points to your breaſt, and trembles to its pole.

To them Meleſinda *haſtily, caſting her ſelf on the other ſide of Morat.*

Mel. Ah wo, wo, wo! the worſt of woes I find,
Live ſtill: Oh live, ev'n to be unkind.
With half ſhut eyes he ſeeks the doubtful day;
But, ah! he bends his ſight another way.
He faints! and in that ſigh his ſoul is gone;
Yet Heav'n's unmov'd, yet Heav'n looks careleſs on.

Nour. Where are thoſe pow'rs which monarchs ſhould defend?
Or do they vain authority pretend
O'er human fates, and their weak empire ſhow,
Which cannot guard their images below?
If, as their image, he was not divine,
They ought to have reſpected him as mine.
I'll waken them with my revenge; and ſhe,
Their Indamora, ſhall my victim be.
And helpleſs Heav'n ſhall mourn in vain, like me.

[*As ſhe is going to ſtab Indamora, Morat raiſes himſelf, and holds her hand.*

Mor. Ah, what are we,
Who dare maintain with Heav'n this wretched ſtrife,
Puft with the pride of Heav'n's own gift, frail life.
That blaſt which my ambitious ſpirit ſwell'd,
See by how weak a tenure it was held!
I only ſtay to ſave the innocent:
Oh envy not my ſoul its laſt content.

Ind. No, let me die; I'm doubly ſummon'd now:
Firſt, by my Aurenge-Zebe; and, ſince, by you.
My ſoul grows hardy, and can death endure:
Your convoy makes the dangerous way ſecure.

Mel. Let me, at leaſt a funeral marriage crave;
Nor grudge my cold embraces in the grave.

I have too juſt a title in the ſtrife:
By me, unhappy me, he loſt his life.
I call'd him hither; 'twas my fatal breath;
And I the ſcreech-owl that proclaim'd his death.

[*Shouts within.*

Abas. What new alarms are theſe? I'll haſte and ſee.

[*Exit.*

Nour. Look up, and live; an empire ſhall be thine.

Mor. That I contemn'd, ev'n when I thought it mine.
Oh, I muſt yield to my hard deſtinies,
And muſt for ever ceaſe to ſee your eyes.

[*To Indamora.*

Mel. Ah turn your ſight to me my deareſt lord!
Can you not one, one parting look afford?
Ev'n ſo unkind in death? but 'tis in vain;
I loſe my breath, and to the winds complain;
Yet 'tis as much in vain your cruel ſcorn:
Still I can love, without this laſt return.
Nor fate, nor you, can my vow'd faith controul;
Dying, I'll follow your diſdainful ſoul:
A ghoſt, I'll haunt your ghoſt; and, where you go,
With mournful murmurs fill the plains below.

Mor. Be happy, Meleſinda, ceaſe to grieve,
And for a more deſerving huſband, live:
Can you forgive me?

Mel. ——Can I! Oh my heart!
Have I heard one kind word before I part?
I can, I can forgive: is that a taſk
To love, like mine? me you ſo good to aſk
One kiſs——Oh 'tis too great a bleſſing this;

[*Kiſſes him.*

I would not live to violate the bliſs.

Re-enter Abas.

Abas. Some envious devil has ruin'd us yet more;
The fort's revolted to the Emperor:

The gates are open'd, the portcullis drawn;
And deluges of armies from the town
Come pouring in: I heard the mighty flaw,
When first it broke; the crowding enfign faw,
Which choak'd the paſſage; and (what leaſt I fear'd)
The waving arms of Aurenge-Zebe appear'd,
Diſplay'd with your Morat's.
In either's flag the golden ſerpents bear,
Erected creſts alike, like volumes rear,
And mingle friendly hiſſings in the air.
Their troops are join'd, and our deſtruction nigh.

Nour. 'Tis vain to fight, and I diſdain to fly,
I'll mock the triumphs which our foes intend;
And, ſpite of fortune, make a glorious end,
In pois'nous draughts my liberty I'll find:
And from the nauſeous world ſet free my mind. [*Exit.*

At the other end of the ſtage, enter Aurenge-Zebe, Dianet, *and Attendants.* Aurenge-Zebe *turns back, and ſpeaks entring.*

Aur. The lives of all who ceaſe from combat, ſpare;
My brothers be your moſt peculiar care:
Our impious uſe no longer ſhall obtain;
Brothers no more by brothers ſhall be ſlain.
[*Seeing Indamora and Morat.*
Ha! do I dream? is this my hop'd ſucceſs?
I grow a ſtatue, ſtiff, and motionleſs.
Look, Dianet; for I dare not truſt theſe eyes;
They dance in miſts, and dazzle with ſurprize.

Dia. Sir, 'tis Morat; dying he ſeems, or dead:
And Indamora's hand———

Aur. ———Supports his head [*Sighing.*
Thou ſhalt not break yet heart, nor ſhall ſhe know
My inward torments by my outward ſhow;
To let her ſee my weakneſs were too baſe;
Diſſembled quiet ſit upon my face:

My ſorrow to my eyes no paſſage find,
But let it inward ſink, and drown my mind.
Falſhood ſhall want its triumph: I begin
To ſtagger; but I'll prop my ſelf within.
The ſpacious tow'r no ruin ſhall diſcloſe,
Till down, at once, the mighty fabrick goes.
Mor. In ſign that I die yours, reward my love,
[*To Indamora.*
And ſeal my paſſport to the bleſs'd above.
[*Kiſſing her hand.*
Ind. O ſtay, or take me with you when you go:
There's nothing now worth living for below.
Mor. I leave you not; for my expanded mind
Grows up to Heav'n, while it to you is join'd:
Not quitting, but enlarg'd! a blazing fire,
Fed from the brand. [*Dies.*
Mel. Ah me! he's gone! I die! [*Swoons.*
Ind. ——Oh diſmal day!
Fate, thou haſt raviſh'd my laſt hope away.
O Heav'n! my Aurenge-Zebe——
[*She turns and ſees Aurenge-Zebe ſtanding by her, and ſtarts.*
Or does my willing mind delude my eyes,
And ſhews the figure always preſent there?
Or liv'ſt thou? am I bleſs'd, and ſee thee here?
Aur. My brother's body ſee convey'd with care,
[*Turning from her to his Attendants.*
Where we may royal ſepulture prepare.
With ſpeed to Meleſinda bring relief;
Recal her ſpirits, and moderate her grief——
[*Half turning to Indamora.*
I go, to take for ever from your view
Both the lov'd object, and the hated too.
[*Going away after the bodies, which are carried off.*
Ind. Hear me; yet think not that I beg your ſtay,
I will be heard, and after take your way. [*Laying hold of him.*

Go; but your late repentance shall be vain.
[*He struggles still. She lets him go.*
I'll never see your face again. [*Turning away.*
Aur. Madam, I know whatever you can say:
You might be pleas'd not to command my stay.
All things are yet disorder'd in the fort;
I must crave leave your audience may be short.
Ind. You need not fear I shall detain you long;
Yet you may tell me your pretended wrong.
Aur. Is that the business, then my stay is vain.
Ind. How are you injur'd?
Aur. ——When did I complain?
Ind. Leave off your forc'd respect——
And shew your rage in its most furious form:
I'm arm'd with innocence to brave the storm.
You heard, perhaps, your brother's last desire;
And after saw him in my arms expire.
Saw me, with tears, so great a loss bemoan:
Heard me complaining my last hopes were gone.
Aur. 'Oh stay, and take me with you when you go,
'There's nothing now worth living for below.
Unhappy sex! whose beauty is your snare;
Expos'd to trials; made too frail to bear.
I grow a fool, and shew my rage again:
'Tis nature's fault; and why should I complain?
Ind. Will you yet hear me?
Aur. ——Yes, till you relate
What powerful motives did your change create.
You thought me dead, and prudently did weigh,
Tears were but in vain, and brought but youth's decay.
Then, in Morat, your hopes a crown design'd;
And all the woman work'd within your mind.
I rave again, and to my rage return,
To be again subjected to your scorn.
Ind. I wait till this long storm be over-blown.
Aur. I'm conscious of my folly: I have done,

I cannot rail; but silently I'll grieve.
How did I trust! and how did you deceive!
Oh, Arimant, would I had dy'd for thee!
I dearly buy thy generosity.
Ind. Alas! is he then dead?
Aur. ——Unknown to me,
He took my arms; and while I forc'd my way,
Through troops of foes, which did our passage stay,
My buckler o'er my aged father cast,
Still fighting, still defending as I past.
The noble Arimant usurp'd my name;
Fought, and took from me, while he gave me, fame.
To Aurenge-Zebe, he made his soldiers cry,
And seeing not, where he heard danger nigh,
Shot, like a star, through the benighted sky,
A short, but mighty aid: at length he fell,
My own adventures, 'twere lost time to tell.
Or how my army entring in the night,
Surpriz'd our foes; the dark disorder'd fight.
How my appearance, and my father shown,
Made peace; and all the rightful Monarch own.
I've sum'd it briefly, since it did relate
Th' unwelcome safety of the man you hate.
Ind. As briefly will I clear my innocence:
Your alter'd brother dy'd in my defence.
Those tears you saw, that tenderness I show'd,
Were just effects of grief and gratitude.
He dy'd my convert.
Aur. ——But your lover too:
I heard his words, and did your actions view.
You seem'd to mourn another lover dead:
My sighs you gave him, and my tears you shed.
But worst of all,
Your gratitude for his defence was shown:
It prov'd you valu'd life when I was gone.

Ind. Not that I valu'd life; but fear'd to die:
Think that my weakneſs, not inconſtancy.

Aur. Fear ſhow'd you doubted of your own intent:
And ſhe who doubts becomes leſs innocent.
Tell me not you could fear;
Fear's a large promiſer, who ſubject live
To that baſe paſſion, know not what they give.
No circumſtance of grief you did deny;
And what could ſhe give more who durſt not die?

Ind. My love, my faith.

Aur. ——— Both ſo adult'rate grown,
When mix'd with fear, they never could be known.
I wiſh no ill might her I love befall;
But ſhe ne'er lov'd, who durſt not venture all.
Her life and fame ſhould my concernment be;
But ſhe ſhould only be afraid for me.

Ind. My heart was yours; but, Oh! you left it here,
Abandon'd to thoſe tyrants, hope and fear:
If they forc'd from me one kind look or word,
Could you not that, not that ſmall part afford?

Aur. If you had lov'd, you nothing yours could call:
Giving the leaſt of mine, you gave him all.
True love's a miſer, ſo tenacious grown:
He weighs to the leaſt grain what's his own.
More delicate than honour's niceſt ſenſe:
Neither to give nor take the leaſt offence.
With, or without you, I can have no reſt:
What ſhall I do! y'are lodg'd within my breaſt.
Your image never will be thence diſplac'd;
But there it lies, ſtabb'd, mangl'd, and defac'd.

Ind. Yet, to reſtore the quiet of your heart,
There's one way left.

Aur. ——— Oh name it.

Ind. ——— 'Tis to part.
Since perfect bliſs with me you cannot prove,
I ſcorn to bleſs by halves the man I love.

Aur. Now you distract me more: shall then the day,
Which views my triumphs, see our loves decay?
Must I new bars to my own joy create?
Refuse, my self, what I had forc'd from fate?
What though I am not lov'd?
Reason's nice taste does our delights destroy:
Brutes are more bless'd who grosly feed on joy.

Ind. Such endless jealousies your love pursue,
I can no more be fully bless'd than you.
I therefore go, to free us both from pain,
I priz'd your person, but your crown disdain.
Nay, ev'n my own———
I give it you: for since I cannot call,
Your heart my subject, I'll not reign at all. [*Exit.*

Aur. Go; though thou leav'st me tortur'd on the rack,
'Twixt shame and pride, I cannot call thee back.
She's guiltless, and I should submit; but oh!
When she exacts it, can I stoop so low?
Yes; for she's guiltless;— —but she's haughty too.
Great souls long struggle e're they own a crime:
She's gone; and leaves me no repenting time.
I'll call her now; sure if she loves, she'll stay;
Linger at least, or not go far away.
[*Locks to the door, and returns.*
For ever lost, and I repent too late,
My foolish pride would set my whole estate,
Till, at one throw, I lost all back to fate.

To him the Emperor, *drawing in* Indamora, *Attendants.*

Emp. It must not be, that he, by whom we live,
Should no advantage of his gift receive.
Should he be wholly wretched? he alone,
In this bless'd day, a day so much his own? [*To Indam.*
I have not quitted yet a victor's right;
I'll make you happy in your own despight.
I love you still; and if I struggle hard
To give, it shows the worth of the reward.

Ind. Suppoſe he has o'ercome; muſt I find place
Among his conquer'd foes, and ſue for grace?
Be pardon'd, and confeſs I lov'd not well?
What though none live my innocence to tell?
I know it: truth may own a generous pride:
I clear my ſelf, and care for none beſide.

Aur. Oh, Indamora, you would break my heart!
Could you reſolve on any terms to part?
I thought your love eternal: was it ty'd
So looſly, that a quarrel could divide?
I grant that my ſuſpicions were unjuſt,
But would you leave me for a ſmall diſtruſt?
Forgive thoſe fooliſh words———— [*Kneeling to her.*
They were the froth my raging folly mov'd,
When it boil'd up: I knew not then I lov'd;
Yet then lov'd moſt.

Ind. To Aur.] You would but half be bleſt!
[*Giving her hand, ſmiling.*

Aur. Oh do but try
My eager love: I'll give my ſelf the lie.
The very hope is a full happineſs;
Yet ſcanty meaſures what I ſhall poſſeſs.
Fancy it ſelf, ev'n in enjoyment, is
But a dumb judge, and cannot tell its bliſs.

Emp. Her eyes a ſecret yielding do confeſs,
And promiſe to partake your happineſs,
May all the joys I did my ſelf purſue,
Be rais'd by her, and multiply'd on you.

A proceſſion of Prieſts, Slaves following, and laſt Meleſinda *in white.*

Ind. Alas! what means this pomp?

Aur. 'Tis the proceſſion of a funeral vow,
Which cruel laws to Indian wives allow,
When fatally their virtue they approve;
Chearful in flames, and martyrs of their love,

Ind. Oh my foreboding heart! th' event I fear;
And see! sad Meleſinda does appear.

Mel. You wrong my love; what grief do I betray?
This is the triumph of my nuptial day.
My better nuptials; which, in ſpight of fate,
For ever join me to my dear Morat.
Now I am pleas'd; my jealouſies are o'er.
He's mine; and I can loſe him now no more.

Emp. Let no falſe ſhow of fame your reaſon blind.

Ind. You have no right to die; he was not kind.

Mel. Had he been kind, I could no love have ſhown:
Each vulgar virtue would as much have done.
My love was ſuch, it needed no return:
But could, though he ſupply'd no fuel, burn.
Rich in it ſelf, like elemental fire,
Whoſe pureneſs does no aliment require.
In vain you would bereave me of my lord;
For I will die: die is too baſe a word.
I'll ſeek his breaſt, and kindling by his ſide,
Adorn'd with flames, I'll mount a glorious bride. [*Exit.*

Enter Nourmahal *diſtracted, with* Zayda.

Zayd. She's loſt, ſhe's loſt! but why do I complain
For her, who generouſly did life diſdain!
Poiſon'd, ſhe raves———
Th' invenom'd body does the ſoul attack;
Th' invenom'd ſoul works its own poiſon back.

Nour. I burn, I more than burn; I am all fire:
See how my mouth and noſtrils flame expire.
I'll not come near my ſelf———
Now I'm a burning lake, it rowls and flows;
I'll ruſh, and pour it all upon my foes.
Pull, pull that reverend piece of timber near:
Throw't on———'tis dry———'twill burn———
Ha! ha! how my old huſband crackles there!
Keep him down, keep him down, turn him about:
I know him: he'll but whiz, and ſtrait go out.

Fan me, you winds: what not one breath of air?
I burn 'em all, and yet have flames to ſpare.
Quench me: pour on whole rivers. 'Tis in vain:
Morat ſtands there to drive 'em back again.
With thoſe huge bellows in his hands, he blows
New fire into my head: my brain-pan glows.
See, ſee! there's Aurenge-Zebe too takes his part;
But he blows all his fire into my heart.

Aur. Alas! what fury's this?

Nour. ——That's he, that's he!
[*Starting upon him, and catching at him.*
I know the dear man's voice:
And this my rival, this the curſed ſhe.
They kiſs; into each others arms they run:
Cloſe, cloſe, cloſe! muſt I ſee, and muſt have none?
Thou art not hers: give me that eager kiſs,
Ingrateful! have I loſt Morat for this?
Will you?——before my face?——poor helpleſs I
See all; and have my hell before I die! [*Sinks down.*

Emp. With thy laſt breath thou haſt thy crimes confeſt:
Farewel; and take, what thou ne'er gav'ſt me, reſt.
But you, my ſon, receive it better here:
[*Giving him Indamora's hand.*
The juſt rewards of love and honour wear.
Receive the miſtreſs you ſo long have ſerv'd;
Receive the crown your loyalty preſerv'd.
Take you the reins, while I from cares remove,
And ſleep within the chariot which I drove. [*Exeunt.*

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EPILOGUE.

A Pretty task! and ſo I told the fool,
Who needs would undertake to pleaſe by rule.
He thought that, if his characters were good,
The ſcenes entire, and freed from noiſe and blood,
The action great, yet circumſcrib'd by time,
The words not fore'd, but ſliding into rhime,
The paſſions rais'd and calm'd by juſt degrees,
As tides are ſwell'd, and then retire to ſeas.
He thought, in hitting theſe, his bus'neſs done,
Though he, perhaps, has fail'd in ev'ry one.
But, after all, a poet muſt confeſs,
His art's like phyſick, but a happy gueſs.
Your pleaſure on your fancy muſt depend:
The lady's pleas'd, juſt as ſhe likes her friend.
No ſong! no dance! no ſhow! he fears you'll ſay,
You love all naked beauties but a play.
He much miſtakes your methods to delight;
And, like the French, abhors our target fight:
But thoſe damn'd dogs can never be i'th' right,
True Engliſh hate your Monſieur's paultry arts;
For you are all ſilk-weavers in your hearts.
Bold Britains, at a brave bear-garden fray,
Are rouz'd: and clatt'ring ſticks, cry, play, play, play.
Mean time, your filthy foreigner will ſtare,
And mutter to himſelf, Ha gens barbare!
And, Gad, 'tis well he mutters; well for him;
Our butchers elſe would tear him limb from limb.
'Tis true, the time may come, your ſons may be
Infected with this French civility.
But this in after ages will be done:
Our poet writes a hundred years too ſoon.
This age comes on too ſlow, or he too faſt:
And early ſprings are ſubject to a blaſt!

EPILOGUE.

Who would excel, when few can make a test
Betwixt indiff'rent writing and the best?
For favours cheap and common who would strive,
Which, like abandon'd prostitutes, you give?
Yet scatter'd here and there, I some behold,
Who can discern the tinsel from the gold.
To these he writes; and if by them allow'd,
'Tis their prerogative to rule the crowd.
For he more fears, (like a presuming man)
Their votes who cannot judge, than theirs who can.

F I N I S.

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